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The VAMPIRES STRIKE



THE RUSTLE OF ENORMOUS WINGS FROM THE GLOOM -- THE HOT BREATH OF MONSTROUS CREATURES STALKING THEIR HUMAN PREY -- THE CRUEL FANGS WHICH BRING INSTANT DEATH OR ENDLESS AGONY -- THESE ARE THE TERRORS THE VICTIMS SENSE IN THE LAST MOMENTS BEFORE -- **THE VAMPIRES STRIKE!**

IN AN ISOLATED BACKWOODS CABIN --

THE U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE IS BAFFLED, NOEL! THIS WEIRD EPIDEMIC OF ANEMIA MUST BE STOPPED!

IT'S VERY STRANGE, CLAIRE! THE NATIVES SAY THE SICKNESS BEGAN MORE THAN 15 YEARS AGO! THERE *MUST* BE SOMETHING LACKING IN THEIR DIET -- BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT WHAT! WELL, THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE TONIGHT...



HALF AN HOUR LATER --

HMM, CURIOUS TO FIND A MOTEL ON SUCH A LONELY ROAD!

OH, LET'S NOT STOP THERE FOR THE NIGHT, NOEL... IT... IT'S SO RAMSHACKLE AND FORBIDDING-LOOKING!





SUDDENLY...
OH-OH...
BLOW-OUTS!

NO WONDER --- THERE'S JAGGED GLASS ALL OVER THE ROAD! SOMEONE MUST HAVE THROWN A BOTTLE FROM A PASSING CAR! WELL, WE'VE GOT TWO BLOWOUTS AND ONE SPARE TIRE --- SO IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!

I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP WELL IN THAT GLOOMY PLACE, DESPITE ITS NAME!

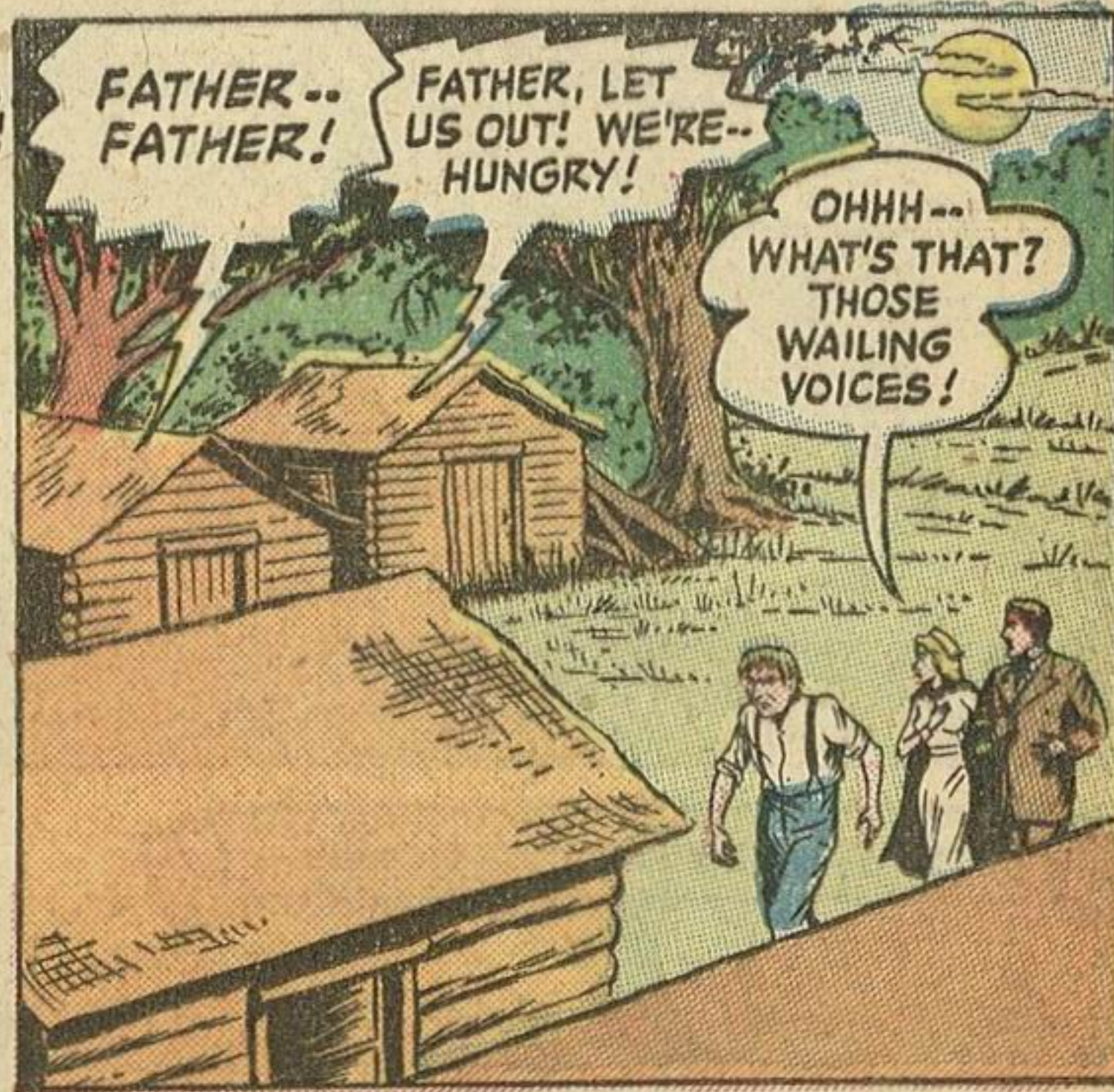
BLAM! **BLAM!**



SEPARATE CABINS? YES, INDEED -- JUST FOLLOW ME!

LOOK AT THAT MANIACAL FACE, NOEL! I... I'M SCARED!

DON'T BE SILLY, CLAIRE! HE'S PROBABLY JUST A HARMLESS BACKWOODS ECCENTRIC!



FATHER.. FATHER!

FATHER, LET US OUT! WE'RE HUNGRY!

OH-HH-- WHAT'S THAT? THOSE WAILING VOICES!



IT'S NOTHING --- JUST A PRANK OF SOME NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN, TRYING TO SCARE MY TRADE AWAY! THEY'RE ALWAYS DOING IT --- IT'S NOTHING, I TELL YOU!

ALL RIGHT --- NO NEED TO GET EXCITED! SUPPOSE YOU SHOW US TO OUR CABINS!



HE WASN'T TELLING THE TRUTH! THOSE VOICES WERE TOO PITEOUS, TOO --- **REAL!** THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE --- SOMETHING **AWFUL!**

DON'T LET YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU, CLAIRE! I'LL BE IN THE NEXT CABIN ---



BUT WHEN CLAIRE IS IN HER CABIN ---

I DIDN'T WANT TO ALARM HER --- BUT I WAS DISTURBED BY THOSE VOICES TOO! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON BY FOLLOWING THE OLD MAN! --- AH, THERE HE IS, UNLOCKING THE DOOR OF ONE OF THOSE CABINS!



FATHER-- I'M
FAINT WITH
HUNGER---

SOON, MY
DAUGHTER---
SOON!



WHY, YOU BRUTE! YOU
OUGHT TO BE PLACED
IN A CELL FOR
STARVING
YOUR
DAUGHTER!

YOU--
YOU'LL
HELP
ME!



YOU'RE SO -- STRONG!
I FEEL -- DRAWN
TO YOU!

YOUR--YOUR
LIPS!
I... I CAN'T
RESIST
THEM!



BUT AS NOEL
PLACES HIS
ARMS AROUND
THE GIRL --

WHAT THE--! THOSE
BRISTLING THINGS
SPROUTING FROM
YOUR BACK--THEY...
THEY'RE
WINGS!



YES--WINGS! AND--
YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS!

YOU...
YOU'RE A
VAMPIRE!

COME, MY SON--
JOIN YOUR SISTER!
CHANGE INTO YOUR
NATURAL STATE
---AND STRIKE!



IN A FURIOUS ATTACK, MONSTROUS WINGS
BATTER WITH SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH--

WHAM!
BLAM!

THEY'RE
BEATING
ME INTO
UNCONSCIOUSNESS---
OHHHH!



MINUTES LATER...

HA-HA! DON'T FORGET...
IT WAS I WHO
BROUGHT HIM
TO YOU!



AS NOEL SLOWLY REVIVES--

I..FEEL..WEAK---
DRAINED OF MY
STRENGTH--

YES--AND NOW
MY CHILDREN ARE
STRONG! EVER SINCE
I DISCOVERED THAT MY
WIFE WAS A VAMPIRE, I'VE
KNOWN WHAT I'D HAVE TO
DO! FOR YEARS, I'VE
BROUGHT THEM
VICTIMS ---



THAT'S WHY I BUILT THIS
TOURIST CAMP-- TO CATCH
UNWARY PASSERS-BY WHO
WOULD THINK THEIR FLAT TIRES
WERE ACCIDENTAL! MANY LIKE
YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO OUR
TRAP -- AND THERE WILL
BE MANY TO COME!



AH, YES, MY SON-- I'VE
DONE WELL FOR YOU TODAY!
ANOTHER VICTIM AWAITS
YOU EVEN NOW! YOU'VE
BUT TO GO TO
CABIN 6, AND --

GREAT SCOTT---
HE MEANS CLAIRE!
AND I... I'M
HELPLESS TO
SAVE HER!



AT THE OMINOUS SOUND OF
FLAPPING WINGS OUTSIDE
CLAIRE'S WINDOW --

THAT... THAT
HORRIBLE THING
OUTSIDE! IT...
IT'S TRYING
TO GET IN!



WITH COURAGE INSPIRED BY TERROR --

YOWWW!

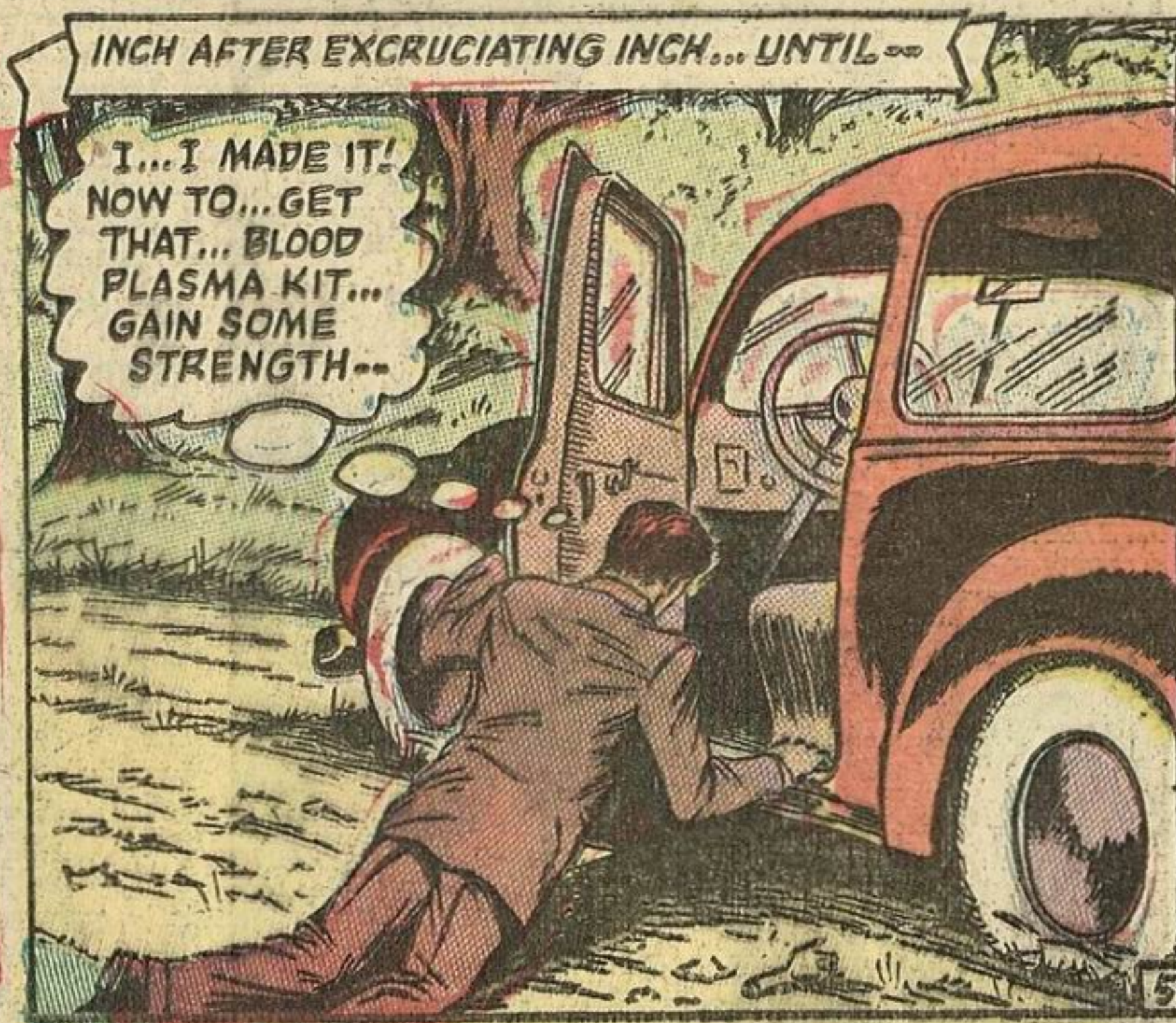
SLAM!



FATHER, I CAN'T
GET IN! SHE'S
LOCKED THE
WINDOW AND
THE DOOR!

PATIENCE,
MY SON--
I HAVE A
KEY!

THERE ---
THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO
DO -- GET
OUT OF HERE,
FAST!



MEANWHILE, IN THE WOODS...

WE'RE GAINING ON HER! HURRY!

**CAN'T BREATHE---
GASP! --- CAN'T...
CAN'T TAKE
ANOTHER STEP...!**

**AS UTTER EXHAUSTION
OVERCOMES HER---**

**SHE'S COLLAPSED, SANGRA!
TIME TO RESUME OUR VAMPIRE
SHAPES-- AND
STRIKE!**

**THEY'VE CHANGED--
INTO VAMPIRES!
AND I... I DON'T
HAVE THE STRENGTH
TO RUN ANYMORE!
I'M DOOMED!**

**YES--
THIS
IS OUR
MOMENT!**

BUT SUDDENLY---

**WAIT, SANGRA---
DON'T STEP INTO THAT
PATCH OF
VEGETATION!**

**AAGH--
BELLADONNA!**

**BELLADONNA! THE
DEADLY NIGHTSHADE---
THE HERB THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO BE
DEATH TO VAMPIRES!
MAYBE I'M NOT
DOOMED, AFTER ALL!**

**BACK, YOU
FIENDS---
BACK!**

**WHAT'S
HAPPENED,
MY
CHILDREN?**

**SHE'S GOT
BELLADONNA!
WE MUST
FLEE!**

**WAIT! I'M NOT A
VAMPIRE-- SO THE
PLANT CAN'T HURT
ME! I'LL TAKE IT
AWAY FROM HER---
AND THEN --!**

**STAY AWAY
FROM ME,
MADMAN--
OR--**



YOU'RE AN OLD MAN, AND WEAK! I CAN HOLD YOU OFF!

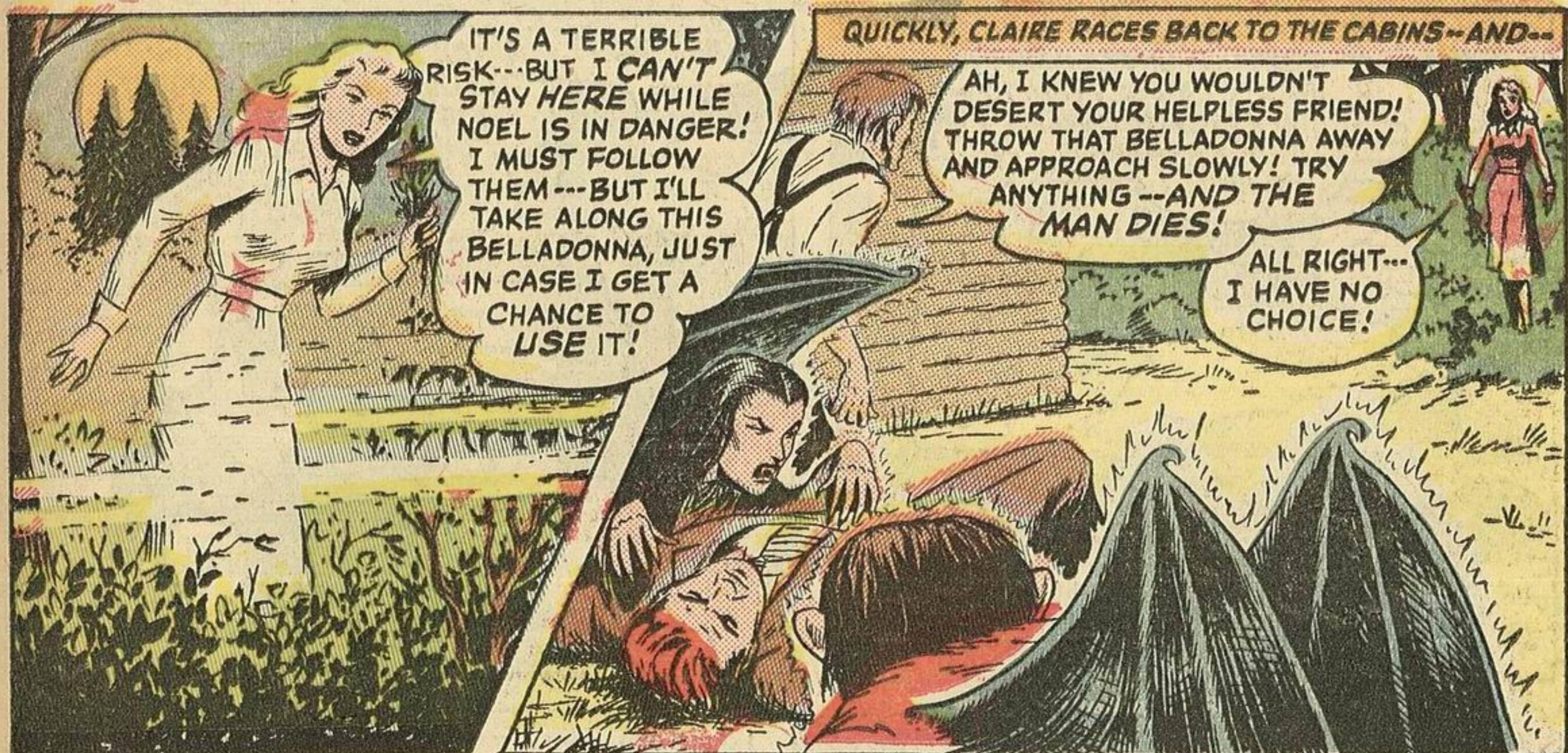
OWW!

WHOOOSH!
CRACK!



YOU HAVEN'T ESCAPED, YET! AND WE'LL FINISH YOUR FRIEND UNLESS YOU THROW THAT BELLADONNA AWAY AND DO OUR BIDDING! QUICKLY, CHILDREN--BACK TO THE CABINS! SHE'LL FOLLOW US!

OHH--- I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT NOEL!



IT'S A TERRIBLE RISK--BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE WHILE NOEL IS IN DANGER! I MUST FOLLOW THEM---BUT I'LL TAKE ALONG THIS BELLADONNA, JUST IN CASE I GET A CHANCE TO USE IT!

QUICKLY, CLAIRE RACES BACK TO THE CABINS--AND--

AH, I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T DESERT YOUR HELPLESS FRIEND! THROW THAT BELLADONNA AWAY AND APPROACH SLOWLY! TRY ANYTHING--AND THE MAN DIES!

ALL RIGHT... I HAVE NO CHOICE!



BUT SUDDENLY--

HOLD IT, CLAIRE! THERE'S STILL SOME LIFE LEFT IN ME!

CRACK!



QUICKLY, HONEY! THROW THAT BELLADONNA ON THESE TWO GHOULS BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OLD MAN!

STOP! THAT BELLADONNA WOULD MEAN INSTANT DEATH FOR THEM!

POW!



the "POPSICLE" KIDS CAPTURE A BANDIT

TESS AND TIM STYMIE
A STICK-UP

HOWDY, YOUNGSTERS! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... LOOKS REAL, DOESN'T IT?

THIS IS A STICK-UP!

?

HURRY UP WITH THAT DOUGH!

I'LL TRY TO BLUFF HIM

DROP YOUR GUN-- YOU'RE COVERED!

THANKS, TIM. WE'VE BEEN AFTER "BAD BILL" FOR WEEKS

YOU MEAN THANKS TO MY "POPSICLE" WATER PISTOL!

WOW, THAT WAS A THRILLER

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GHOST FRIENDS

66

BUT I TELL you I don't *want* to stay in this old orphanage," Bobby Harris cried tearfully. "I don't need anyone to take care of me...because my ghost friends will be my new guardians!"

Mr. Phelps, head of the Brookville orphanage, tried hard to be patient. "Now be a good boy and listen to reason, Bobby," he said. "There are no such things as ghosts. You've led a pretty lonely life as the son of a cemetery caretaker, so I can't blame you for pretending to have imaginary playmates and friends. But now that your father is dead, you've got to have someone *real* look after you...and since you're only nine years old, and have no other living relatives, there's no other place for you but this orphanage."

"But my ghost friends *aren't* imaginary," Bobby said, his voice quivering with emotion. "I've played with them all my life. They come out of their graves whenever I come near them...but only those who *believe* in them can see them...and that's why you've never seen a ghost. They've asked me many times to come and live with them in their world...they say there's no pain, no hunger, no unhappiness there. So *they'll* take care of me...and even Daddy may be one of them now,"

Mr. Phelps sadly shook his head. "I see there's no reasoning with you, my boy...I'll just have to hope that your ideas about ghosts will disappear now that you're away from the morbid atmosphere of the cemetery." He paused to press a button on his desk. "Meanwhile, an attendant will show you to your room."

"You can't, you *can't* lock me up here!" Bobby wailed, tears streaming down his face. "My ghost friends won't let you! You'll see...they'll be here at midnight to take me away from this awful place!"

Sighing, Mr. Phelps said to the attendant who had entered the office, "See that he's placed in a private room for the night...we don't want him to disturb the other boys. And you might give him a mild sedative to quiet him down."

But after the boy had gone, a small gnawing doubt remained in Mr. Phelps' mind. The boy seemed so *sure* of what he said, there was so much conviction in his voice when he insisted that ghosts would come for him at midnight...perhaps there *was* some truth to it all. But then Mr. Phelps laughed loudly at himself. "Pshaw...imagine me believing in a child's hallucinations about ghosts!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Phelps couldn't quite fall asleep that night. Midnight found him standing at the window of his bedroom in the orphanage, dressed in his robe, anxiously scanning the sky. And as the last stroke of midnight faded into stillness, he gasped at the sight of little, pajama-clad Bobby Harris floating through the air away from the orphanage, as if being borne aloft by invisible creatures.

"It...it *can't* be!" Mr. Phelps stammered. "But there he goes! Great Scott...ordinary humans can't fly...he must have been telling the truth about his ghostly friends! Ghosts *do* exist, after all!"

As soon as these words had passed through his mind, Mr. Phelps gasped even louder...for now that he *believed* in ghosts, he was able to see them! There were two of them, one on each side of Bobby, supporting him by the arms...and as the eerily glowing, shrouded figures passed from sight with their human burden, Mr. Phelps fervently wished that Bobby *would* find a world where there was no pain, no hunger, no unhappiness.

The REALM of the MOONSTERS



HARRY LAZARUS

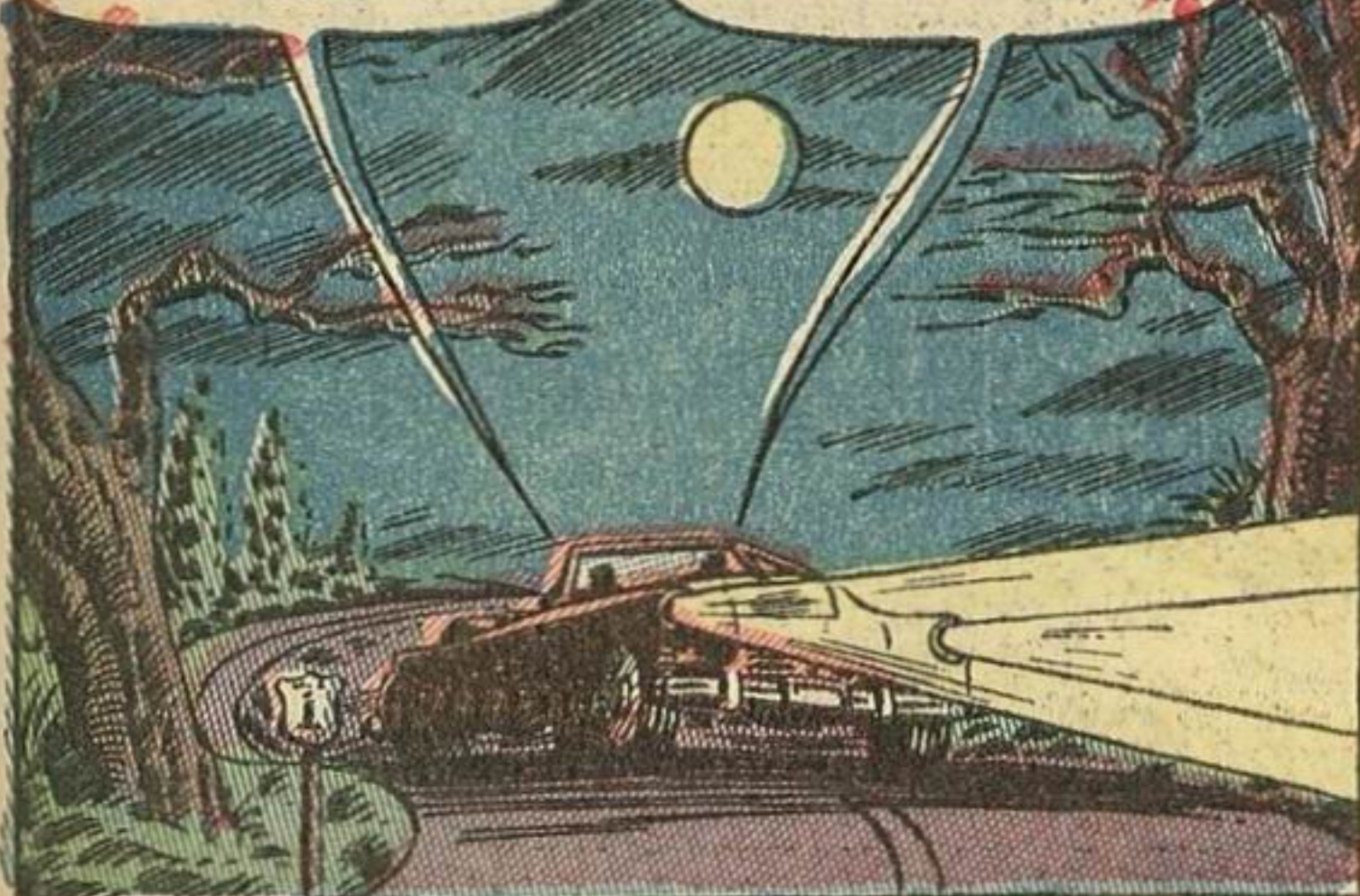
THERE ARE CREATURES SO FEARSOME THAT EVEN A GHOST RECOILS FROM THEM IN TERROR... CREATURES SO EVIL THAT THE SPOT THEY INHABIT HAS BEEN TURNED AWAY FOREVER FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN! BUT FOR ONE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT, THEY STALKED THE UNSUSPECTING EARTH... FORESHADOWING THE DOOM THAT MAY YET REAR FORTH FROM **The REALM of the MOONSTERS!**

A LONG A ROAD STREAKED BY FALTERING MOONLIGHT...

THAT EXPERIMENTAL RADIO STATION OPERATED BY YOUR FRIEND BOB CARLTON IS CERTAINLY ISOLATED, DALE... BUT DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IT'S **HAUNTED?**

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO PROVE TONIGHT, BETTY! ACTUALLY, BOB'S NEVER **SEEN** ANYTHING OUT OF THE WAY... BUT THE **EVIDENCE** IS PRETTY MYSTERIOUS!

EVERY MORNING FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS, BOB'S TRANSMITTING EQUIPMENT HAS SHOWN UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF HAVING BEEN SWITCHED ON DURING THE NIGHT! **SOME-BODY'S** BEEN SENDING OUT HIGH FREQUENCY WAVES... FAR TOO POWERFUL TO BE PICKED UP BY ORDINARY RADIO RECEIVERS! MAYBE THE IDEA OF SUPERNATURAL FORCES AT WORK IN A SHORT WAVE STATION SEEMS QUEER... BUT BOB KEEPS THE PLACE LOCKED AFTER SIGNING OFF... **SO WHAT OTHER ANSWER IS THERE?**



SOON AFTERWARD...ON A LONELY HILLTOP...

I'D HATE TO BE BOB... COMING OUT HERE ALONE EVERY NIGHT! I CAN'T DESCRIBE IT... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING UNREAL ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE!

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D NOTICED IT! THERE'S SOME KIND OF WEIRD GLOW... **VIBRATING ALL AROUND US!**

DALE...DID YOU EVER SEE THE MOON LOOK LIKE THAT? IT'S HAZY AND BROODING... BUT IT'S CASTING A SINGLE MISTY SHAFT... **RIGHT ON THIS VERY SPOT!**

HOLD IT, HONEY! THERE'S A LUMINOUS PATCH MOVING IN THE SHADOWS... **AND IT ISN'T MOONLIGHT!**

WITH STARING EYES HOLDING AN IMAGE OF TERROR STRONGER THAN DEATH...

YE GODS...THAT'S BOB...BUT HE'S NO LONGER MORTAL! IT'S HIS GHOST!

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR HUMANS! GET AWAY... WHILE YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

GOOD HEAVENS... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

THE MOONSTERS SAW ME RISE... THEY'RE COMING OUT! HIDE... DON'T LET THEM FIND YOU!

QUICK! I CAN HEAR SCURRYING FOOTSTEPS INSIDE THE STUDIO!

Then...LIKE THE STARK ERUPTION OF A NIGHTMARE...

LOOK, SATELLA...THERE IS THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTHLING WE KILLED!

IT IS TRYING TO FLEE... AND SPREAD A WARNING! DESTROY IT, MOONSTERS!

WITH AN UNBRIDLED FURY THE WORLD HAS NEVER KNOWN BEFORE...



AS THE HORRIBLE CREATURES TURN FROM THEIR GRISLY TASK...



A MOMENT LATER...

THE EARTH SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN SENDING RADIO IMPULSES TO THE MOON FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS... AND LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE THE RESULT! AFTER CROSSING OVER 200,000 MILES OF SPACE, THE RADIO WAVES HAVE BECOME CHARGED WITH COSMIC RAYS... BRINGING A TREMENDOUS SOURCE OF ENERGY TO THE MOON!

YOU ARE WISE, SATELLA... AS BEFITS THE REGENT OF THE MOON'S DARK FACE! ONLY YOURSELF AND YOUR BODYGUARDS HAVE BEEN PERMITTED THE BENEFITS OF THIS UNIVERSAL BEAM... CHANGING OUR BODIES AND OUR MINDS SO THAT WE NO LONGER RESEMBLE THE MOONSTERS WHO SERVE US!



THE UNIVERSAL BEAM HAS PROVIDED A CHANNEL FOR OUR NIGHTLY JOURNEYS TO THE EARTH--AND NOW WE ARE ABLE TO TRANSMIT A CONCENTRATED RADIO WAVE TO THE MOON--WHICH WE CAN STORE IN THE ENERGY DOME WE HAVE BUILT! IN TIME IT WILL MAKE US MENTAL GIANTS WITH PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH... AND THEN WE CAN LEAD OUR MOONSTERS IN A CONQUEST OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE!



THE TRANSMITTER IS SET, SATELLA! IN TWENTY SECONDS... THE UNIVERSAL BEAM WILL BE READY TO TAKE US BACK TO THE MOON!

NO ONE WILL EVER GUESS HOW HE MET HIS DEATH!... NO ONE WILL DREAM HOW NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE COSMIC FORCE IN THE ENERGY DOME INCREASES! IF THIS RADIO TRANSMITTER FAILS US, WE WILL FIND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... UNTIL THE DOOM OF THE WORLD HAS BEEN SHAPED BY ITS OWN SCIENCE!



DALE... LOOK! THERE'S A WEIRD SPIRAL OF LIGHT MOVING TOWARD THE MOON!

YEP... THE UNIVERSAL BEAM CHANNEL! IF THE WORLD'S THREATENED, HONEY, WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE OUR RISKS NOW... AND FOLLOW THOSE CREEPS BACK THROUGH SPACE!



AN INSTANT LATER... IN A DAZZLING VORTEX OF LIGHT...



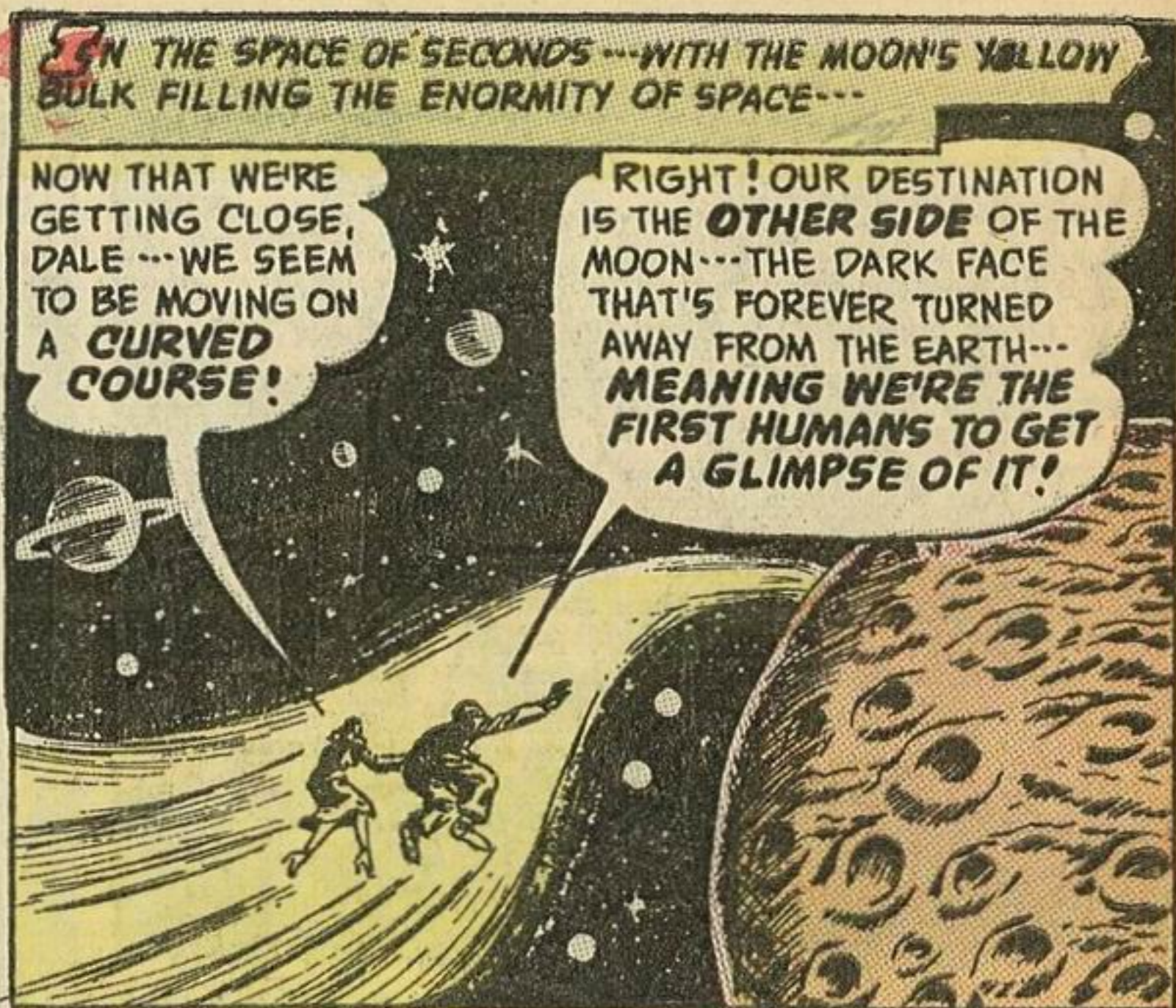
OKAY, HONEY... NOW WE HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF TRAILING THEM WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!



WHEN... AS IF CLUTCHED BY A HUGE INVISIBLE HAND...

OH! WE'RE GOING UP!

RELAX, BETTY! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF... YET!



IN THE SPACE OF SECONDS... WITH THE MOON'S YELLOW BULK FILLING THE ENORMITY OF SPACE...

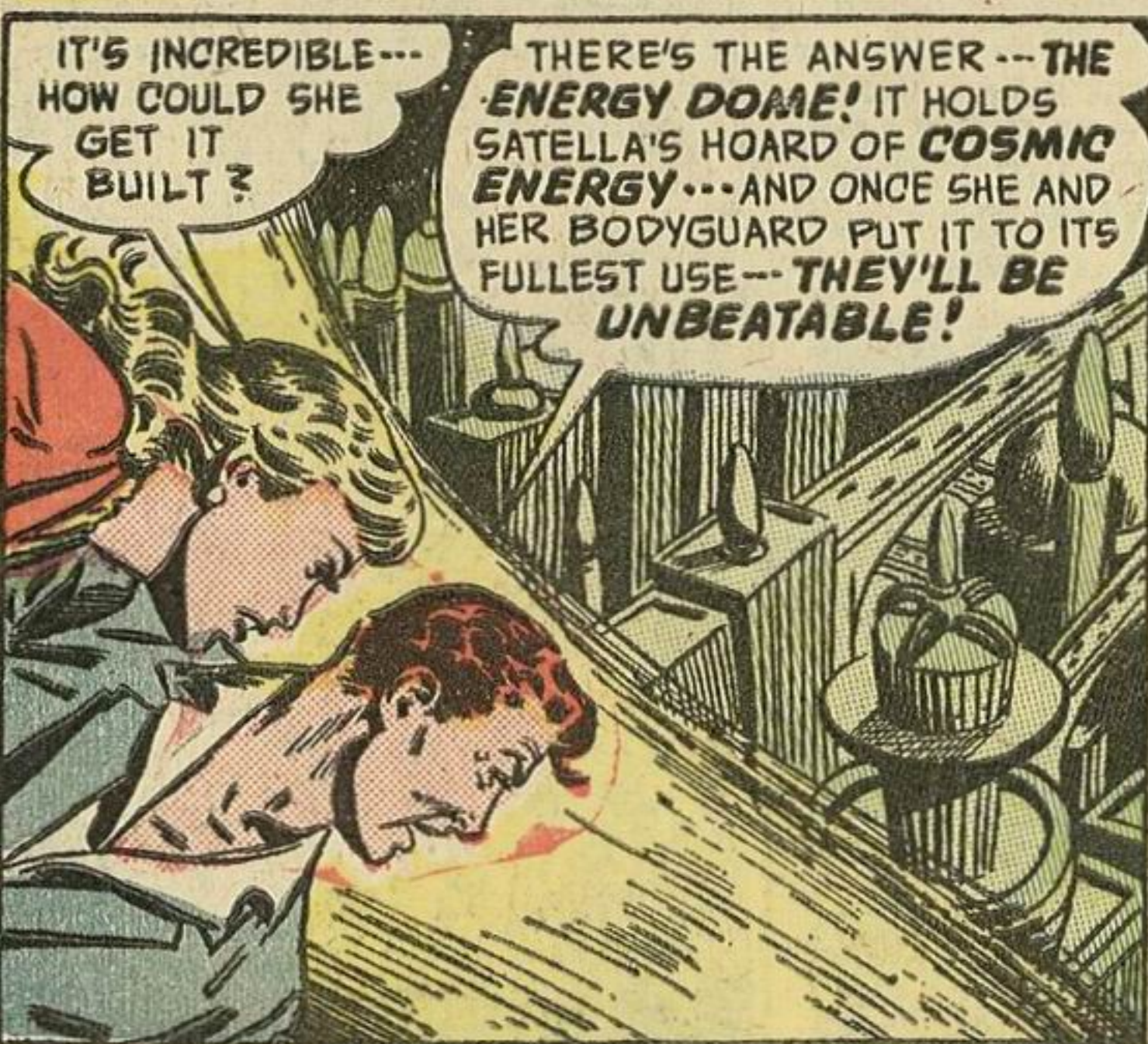
NOW THAT WE'RE GETTING CLOSE, DALE... WE SEEM TO BE MOVING ON A **CURVED COURSE!**

RIGHT! OUR DESTINATION IS THE **OTHER SIDE** OF THE MOON... THE DARK FACE THAT'S FOREVER TURNED AWAY FROM THE EARTH... **MEANING WE'RE THE FIRST HUMANS TO GET A GLIMPSE OF IT!**



BELOW... WITH A HUNDRED GLISTENING TOWERS REFLECTING THE SPRAWLING STARLIGHT...

GOOD HEAVENS, DALE... I NEVER DREAMED SATELLA RULED OVER ANYTHING LIKE **THIS!**



IT'S INCREDIBLE... HOW COULD SHE GET IT BUILT?

THERE'S THE ANSWER... **THE ENERGY DOME!** IT HOLDS SATELLA'S HOARD OF **COSMIC ENERGY**... AND ONCE SHE AND HER BODYGUARD PUT IT TO ITS FULLEST USE... **THEY'LL BE UNBEATABLE!**

I THOUGHT THERE WAS HARDLY ANY GRAVITY ON THE MOON, DALE... BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE EARTH TO ME!

THAT PROVES THE POTENCY OF THE COSMIC RAYS BOMBARDING THE UNIVERSAL BEAM! AFTER JUST A SINGLE FLIGHT... **WE'RE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE MOON'S LACK OF ATMOSPHERE!**

AT THAT MOMENT...IN THE THROGGED
HALL OF THE MOONSTERS...



THE MOONSTERS HAVE SOME-
THING **WE** LOST WHEN THE UN-
IVERSAL BEAM GAVE US MINDS,
SATELLA...THE
**POWER TO
SENSE DANGER!** WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT IF
THERE ARE
ALIEN FORCES
AT WORK IN MY
DOMAIN! **SWITCH
ON THE
PHANTOSCOPE!**



THEN...AS TWO LURID IMAGES
LOOM ABOVE THE JABBERING
MOONSTERS...

HUMANS!



A MOMENT
LATER...

THEY COULD NOT HAVE REACHED THE MOON
WITHOUT USING THE UNIVERSAL BEAM CHANNEL
...AND **THAT** MEANS THEY
HAVE LEARNED OUR
SECRET! **SEIZE
THEM!**



I CAN SAY **THIS**
MUCH FOR THE
UNIVERSAL BEAM,
CHUM...



...IT DOES WONDERS FOR
A RUN OF THE MILL
HUMAN LIKE **ME!**

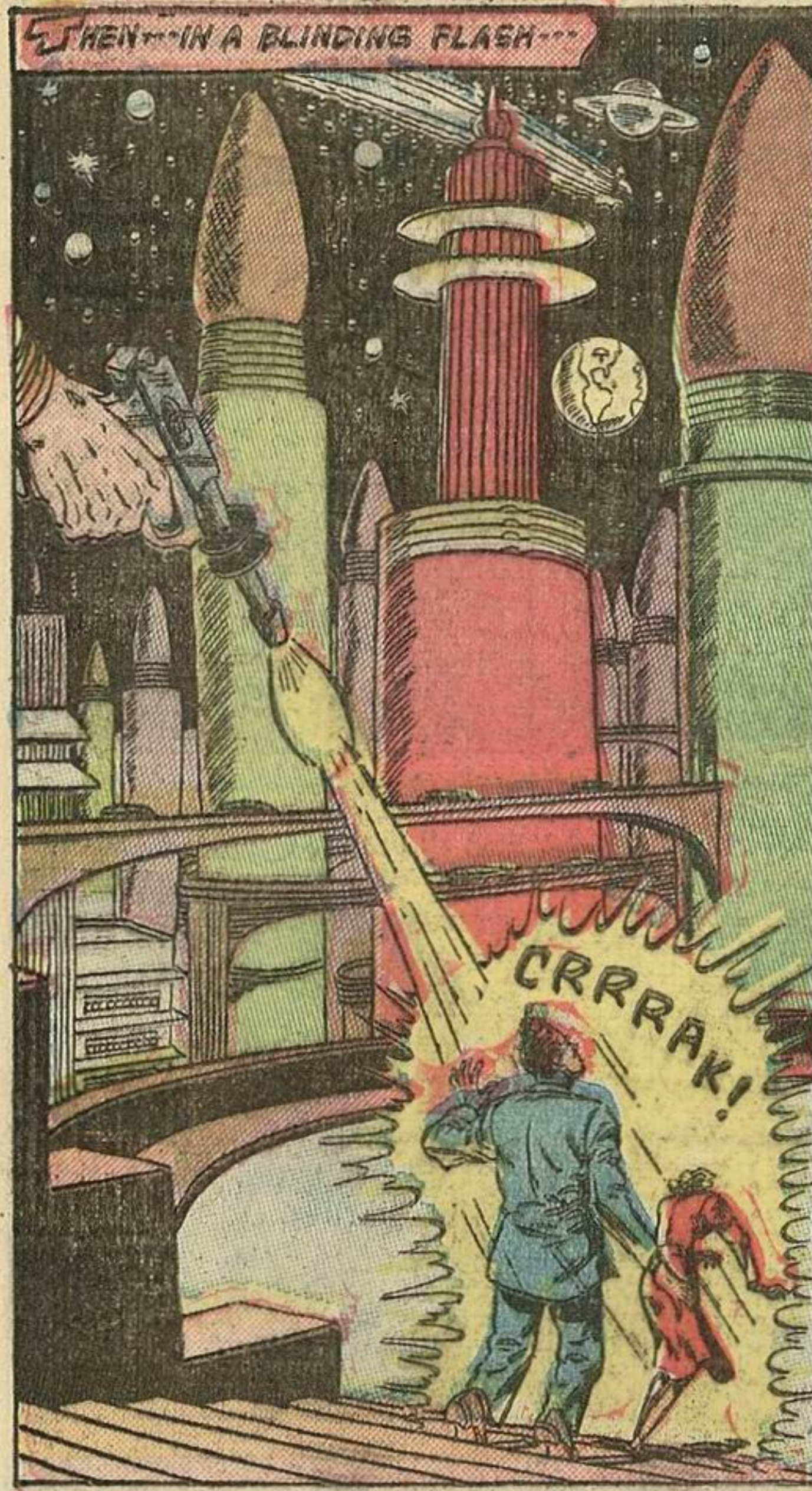


**COME ON,
HONEY...
WE'RE
GOING
PLACES!**

THEY THINK
THEY CAN REACH
THE ENERGY
DOME...BUT NO
HUMAN CAN WITH-
STAND **THIS!**



THEN...IN A BLINDING FLASH...



A SPLIT SECOND LATER...



GOOD HEAVENS
...WHERE ARE
WE?

TAKE A LOOK!
YOU'RE NOT DREAM-
ING, BABY... WE
MUST'VE TRAVEL-
ED A HUNDRED
FEET UP!



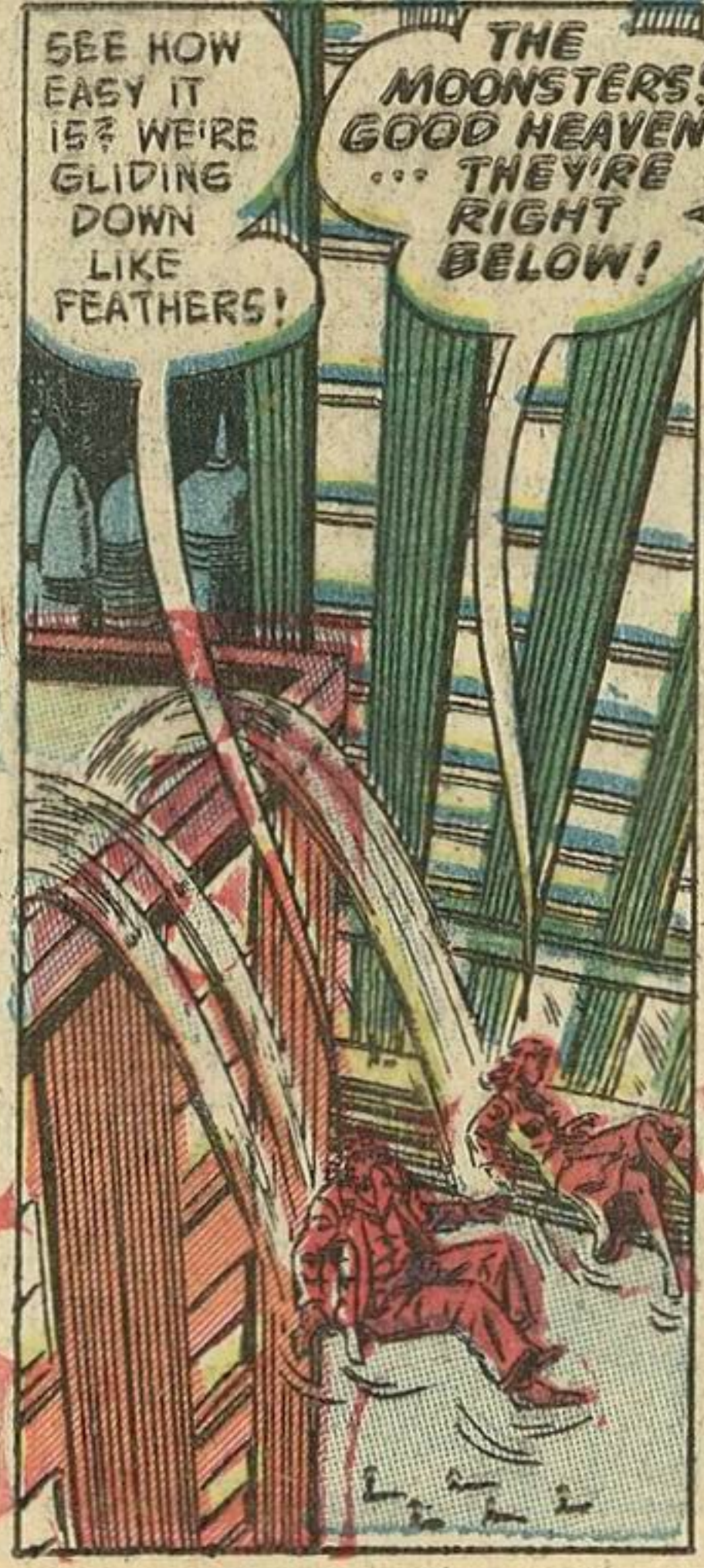
BUT
HOW,
DALE?
WE'RE
NOT
EVEN
HARMED!

NOPE! BUT SATELLA THINKS WE'VE
BEEN DISINTEGRATED...NOT REALIZING
WE'RE PROTECTED BY THE COSMIC RAYS
WE ABSORBED IN THE BEAM CHANNEL!
THAT BLAST HAD JUST ONE EFFECT...BY
MERELY FLINCHING WHEN THE RAY HIT,
WE LANDED HERE...
MEANING OUR BODIES
ARE ONCE MORE
SUBJECT TO
GRAVITY!



THAT MEANS THAT IN THE MOON'S
THIN ATMOSPHERE, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO LEAP THIRTY FEET
IN A SINGLE STRIDE! NOW
THEY'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO CATCH US!

I'VE
GOT SOME-
THING ELSE
IN MIND, BETTY
...THE ENERGY
DOME! LET'S
GET DOWN THE
QUICK WAY...
BY JUMPING!



SEE HOW
EASY IT
IS? WE'RE
GLIDING
DOWN
LIKE
FEATHERS!

THE
MOONSTERS!
GOOD HEAVENS
...THEY'RE
RIGHT
BELOW!



DON'T GET RATTLED, BETTY!
THE SECOND WE LAND...
SPRING AWAY WITH
EVERYTHING YOU'VE
GOT!

HUMANS
NOT
ESCAPE!
NOW
HUMANS
DIE!

THEN...WITH THE MOONSTERS CLUTCHING BLINDLY...

YOU LOOKING FOR US, CREEPS?



SECONDS LATER...HIGH ABOVE SATELLA'S CITADEL...

THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'VE GONE, DALE... BUT WITH GUARDS JAMMING THE STREETS... HOW WILL WE REACH THE ENERGY DOME?

THAT'S EASY! WE'RE LEAPING IN FROM THE TOP...BY WAY OF THAT BIG TUBE JUTTING FROM THE DOME!



MEANWHILE ADMID THE TUMULT BELOW...

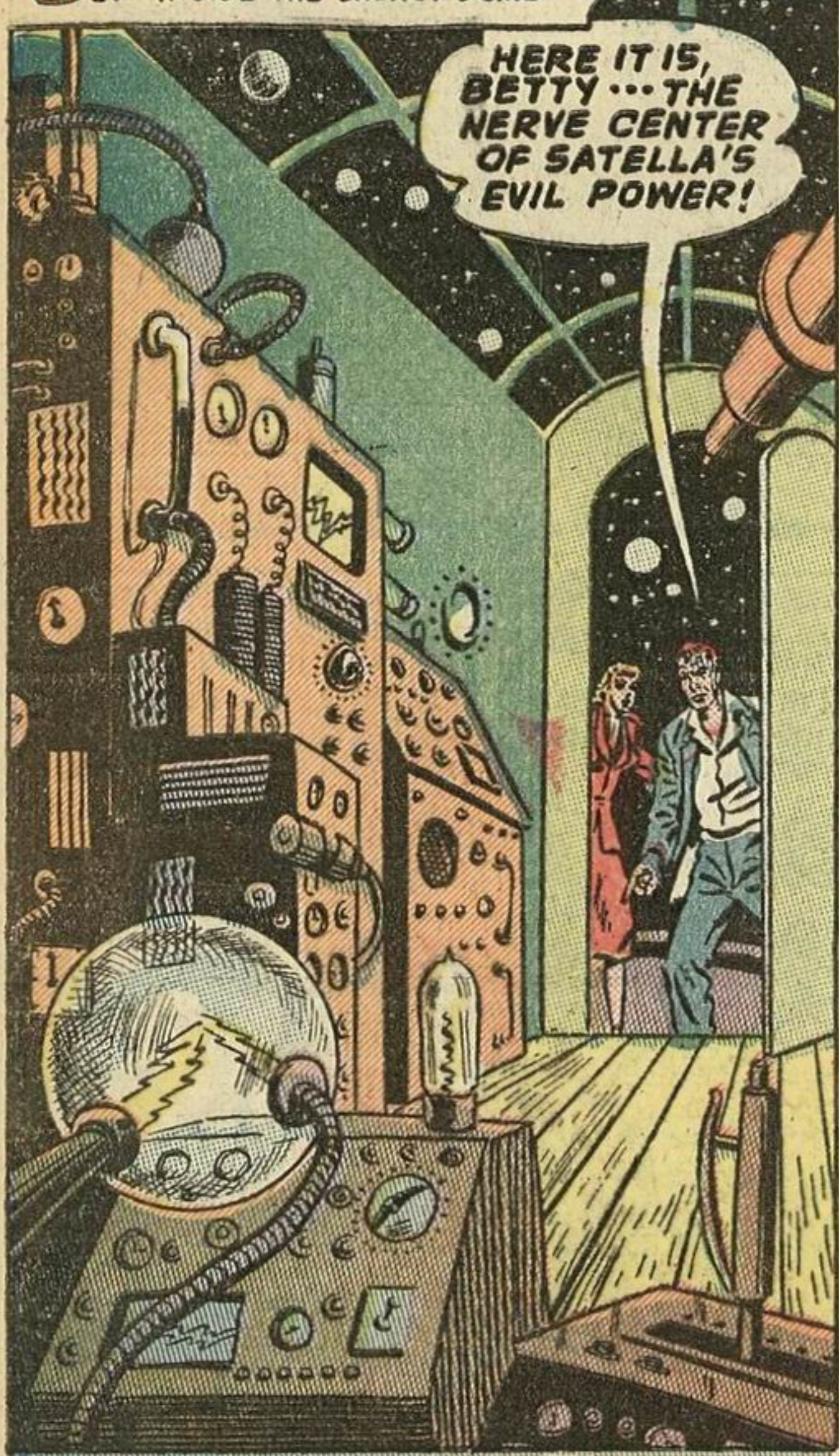
BE ON GUARD! IF THEY ARE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO COME HERE...BRING ME THEIR HEADS!

WE WILL NOT FAIL YOU, SATELLA!



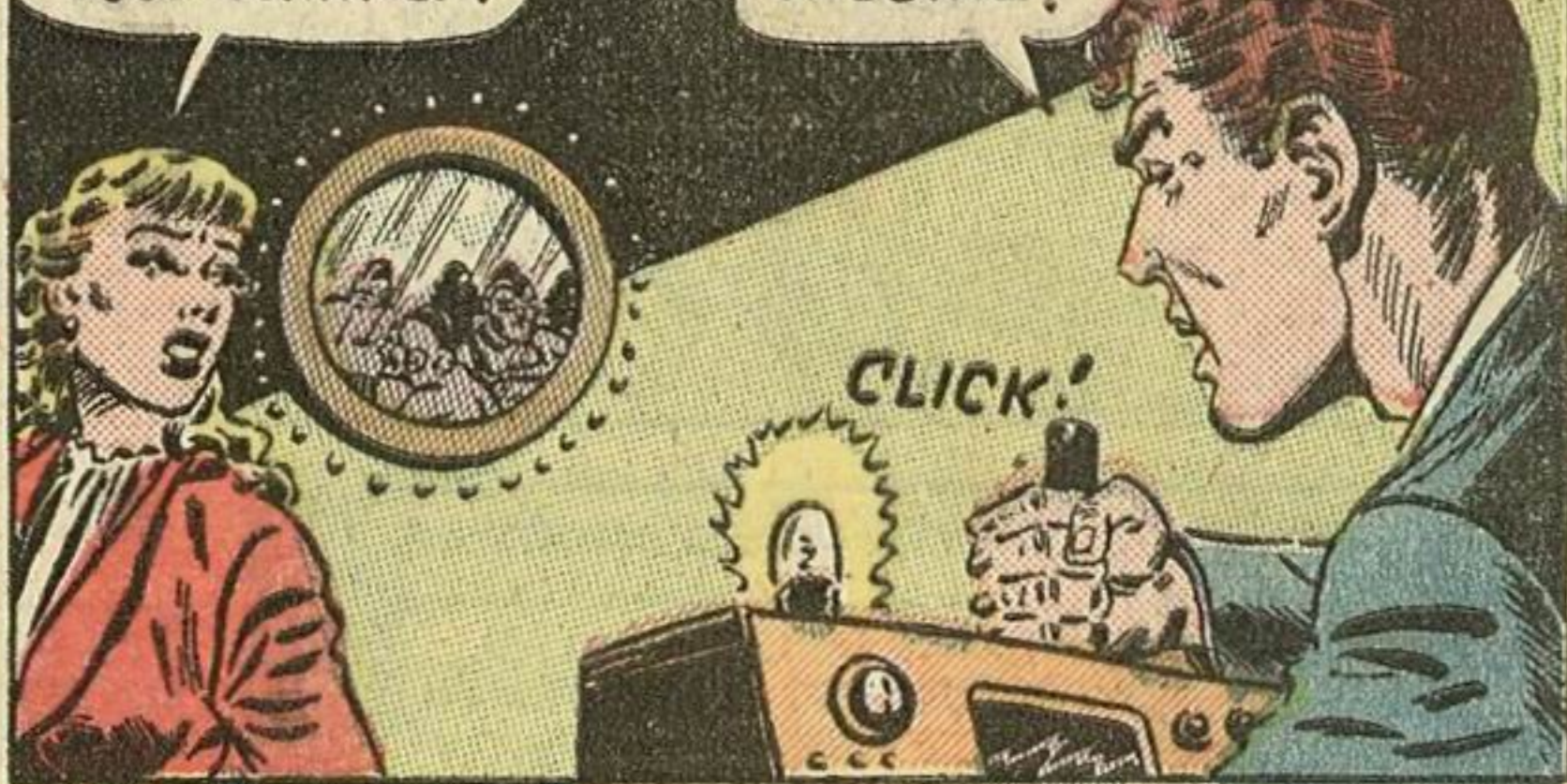
BUT...INSIDE THE ENERGY DOME...

HERE IT IS, BETTY...THE NERVE CENTER OF SATELLA'S EVIL POWER!



IF THOSE GUARDS SUSPECT WE'RE IN HERE, WE'LL BE TRAPPED! THINK YOU CAN OPERATE THOSE CONTROLS?

THIS LIGHT MUST MEAN THAT THE UNIVERSAL BEAM IS ALREADY SWITCHED ON! WE'RE GETTING THE RAYS NOW...BUT I'M GOING TO STEP UP THE VOLUME!



MINUTES LATER...IN SATELLA'S PALACE...

STRANGE THAT THE EXCITEMENT OF HUNTING DOWN THOSE CURSED EARTHLINGS SHOULD MAKE ME FEEL LIKE THIS! I'M WEARY...MY ENTIRE BODY SEEMS TO QUIVER...

SATELLA! BY THE IMPS OF BLACKNESS...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?



BIT BY BIT...LIKE THE CREEPING
BLIGHT OF EVIL...

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT YOURSELF?
WE'RE CHANGING...MORE
AND MORE
EVERY
MINUTE!

THE ENERGY
DOME! THOSE
HUMANS ARE RE-
LEASING THE STORED-
UP UNIVERSAL BEAM...
IT'S DRAINING FAST
...AND WE'RE
REVERTING TO
WHAT WE USED
TO BE!



SOON AFTERWARD...IN A
JABBERING RUSH...

RIP OPEN
THE DOOR
...BATTER
DOWN THE
WALLS...
BEFORE IT'S
TOO
LATE!

DALE...THEY'VE
FOUND US! AND
GOOD HEAVENS
...THEY'RE
FAR MORE
HIDEOUS
THAN
BEFORE!



WHAT'LL WE DO? CHANGING SATELLA
AND HER BODYGUARDS INTO MOON-
STERS WON'T SAVE US... THEY'LL
STILL BE READY TO TEAR US
APART!

I'M GOING TO
SHOOT THE WORKS,
HONEY...MEANING
WE'LL ABSORB ALL
OF THE REMAINING
POWER IN THE ENERGY
DOME...DURING THE
FEW SECONDS IT
TAKES THE UNIVERSAL
BEAM TO MAKE A
RETURN CHANNEL
TO THE EARTH!



THEN...AS SATELLA
WATCHES WITH THE
GLAZED STARE OF
A CREATURE WITH-
OUT A BRAIN...

THIS TIME, CREEPS...I'M
THE ONE WHO'S MAKING
WITH THE COSMIC ENERGY!

DALE...THE
UNIVERSAL BEAM'S
STREAKING
TOWARD
US!



WITH THE EARTH LOOMING CLOSER IN A SINGLE
WHIZZING FLASH...

GOOD THING SATELLA'S
GUARDS LEFT BOB'S TRANS-
MITTER SWITCHED ON, BETTY
...GIVING THE BEAM A POWER-
FUL RADIO IMPULSE TO
GUIDE IT THROUGH
SPACE!



LATER...WITH THE MOON A PALLID DISK IN THE DAWN SKY...

IT'S STRANGE, DALE...
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
LIKE YOU AND ME STOOD
TOGETHER IN THE MOONLIGHT
LAST NIGHT...NEVER REALIZ-
ING THE TERROR THAT
TOOK FORM UP THERE
...IN THE REALM OF
THE MOONSTERS!

YEP...AND IT'S A TERROR
THAT'S FINISHED FOREVER!
I WISH IT HADN'T COST
BOB HIS LIFE...BUT NOW
THAT SATELLA'S FIENDISH
MIND HAS LOST ITS POWER
TO SCHEME...WHO CAN GUESS
HOW MANY MILLIONS OF
LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED?



The END!

This never happened to your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER

"JET-RIDE"

**Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!**

- **Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made!** Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast **165% farther!**
- **Lasts Twice as Long** as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- **Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"**—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- **Grips and Holds the Road** in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!



U.S. ROYAL

**BICYCLE
TIRES**

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

From **YOUR EDITOR** to **YOU!**

THIS IS AN occasion we've long awaited, readers. Not only because it gives us another welcome opportunity to meet with you...but because, this time, we've got momentous tidings to bring you. Get set, because here it comes! At long last, and effective with this issue, "Forbidden Worlds" becomes a monthly magazine. No longer will it be necessary to wait impatiently for a two month period between issues of your favorite supernatural publication...from now on, you can secure it at your newsstand each and every month!

And so there'll be twice as many copies of "Forbidden Worlds" in your future! It's a great moment in our lives...and yours too, we hope! The reason for our decision arose out of the tremendous success and popularity which this magazine has achieved. From coast to coast, readers have flocked to our standard, sweeping the stands clear of copies. They've liked what we're doing, and have clamored for more. And this, we feel, is a vindication of our policy...the ideal upon which "Forbidden Worlds" was founded. It had been our conviction that the public was deeply interested in the great realm of the supernatural...that strange

stories of ghosts, zombies, vampires, werewolves and all of the denizens of the vast Unknown would encounter an enthusiastic reception. There was one proviso, however...namely, that such stories be truly superior...intelligently written and skilfully illustrated. That's been our policy...and it's worked! The proof of that is that we're now a monthly magazine...and, as always, your magazine!

As always, we'll continue to be guided by your wants. Write to us, please, and tell us how you like this, our first monthly number! We think you'll chill to "The Ghoul's Return", a weird tale of a centuries-old monster who rose again. "The Vampires Strike" is a new type of vampire plot...we think you'll like it! And for something that's really out-of-this-world, there's "The Realm of The Moonsters". And the ancient werewolf legend comes thrillingly to life in "The Prowling Terror". We think it's a bangup issue...what do you think? Tell us, please...addressing your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Now, just to show you what some of our other readers think...here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

"Forbidden Worlds" fascinates me. In every thrilling, chilling, spine-tingling issue, I find weird mystery, adventure and suspense-filled stories that grip the heart with the challenge of the Unknown. Keep up the good work!

--Don O'Neal, Horton, Ala."

"Dear Editor:-

"Forbidden Worlds" is one of the most interesting comics I have ever read. Your story, 'The Way of A Werewolf' was excellent...I can't remember having read a better. And 'Vampire's Victim' and 'Monsieur Werewolf' were tales I shall remember for their good wording, interest and excitement.

--Chuck Hancock, Dorchester, Mass."

"Dear Editor:-

I want you to know that 'Forbidden Worlds' is wonderful! Its thrilling fascination helps take my mind off the war, which I need...because I've got a husband in Korea. You can rest assured that I'm sending your magazine to him regularly, and he likes it as much as I do!

--Mrs. E. Rinker, Berkeley, Cal."

"Dear Editor:-

'Forbidden Worlds' is so great that I wish you'd put it out monthly!

-James Knight, Denison, Tex."

THANKS, MR. KNIGHT...WE'VE FOLLOWED YOUR SUGGESTION!

The GHOUL'S RETURN



HE WAS FRANCE'S
BLOODIEST
EXECUTIONER,
M'SIEU FARREL!
AND IT IS
SAID THAT
HIS SPIRIT
WAITS--
TO WALK
AGAIN!

WHAT A
CHARACTER.
HE'D MAKE
FOR THE
SUPERNATURAL
NOVEL I'M
WRITING!

WAX
MUSEUM

M. De Fer

SAM
COOPER

IN THE ANNALS OF FRENCH HISTORY, NO RECORD WAS MORE GORY THAN THAT OF **MONSIEUR DE FER**, REMORSELESS BUTCHER OF THE REVOLUTION! 999 HEADS HAD ROLLED BENEATH HIS MERCILESS AXE, AND THEN -- THEN BEGAN AN INCREDIBLE DRAMA WHICH WAS DESTINED TO WAIT CENTURIES FOR ITS FINAL SCENES -- SCENES REplete WITH HORROR AS

The GHOUL'S RETURN
HERALDED A MODERN REIGN OF TERROR!

YES -- EVEN MORE THAN YOU THINK! ABOUT HIM CLINGS AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF GHOSTLY FEAR! HE SOUGHT THE BLOOD OF AN ANCIENT MEMBER OF THE GREAT **BINET** FAMILY -- AND EVEN TO THIS DAY, IT IS SAID THAT BINET BLOOD CAN AWAKEN HIM FROM HIS MOULDERING COFFIN BENEATH THE STREETS OF PARIS!



AH, YES -- AND IT IS FORETOLD THAT IF THAT AWFUL DAY EVER COMES, **DEFER** WILL STALK THE CITY -- EXTERMINATE EVERY **BINET** STILL ALIVE! **REVENGE**, M'SIEU -- BECAUSE IT WAS A **BINET** WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR **DE FER**'S OWN BEHEADING! LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT ALL BEGAN --



"IT WAS DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION-- AND THE BLOODY AXE OF DEFER, THE EXECUTIONER, HAD MADE HIM THE IDOL OF THE PARIS MOB! HE HAD ALMOST REACHED A MILESTONE IN HIS HORRIBLE TRADE--"



MAGNIFIQUE -- 999 HEADS! BRAVO, DEFER! AND NOW COMES THE THOUSANDTH! -- COUNT BINET HIMSELF! DEATH TO THE ARISTOCRATS!

"YES, IT WAS COUNT BINET WHO HAD BEEN CHOSEN AS THE THOUSANDTH VICTIM OF DEFER! HOW THE CROWD WAITED FOR THAT MOMENT!"



RABBLE! SPAWN OF THE GUTTERS! YOU DARE CLAIM THE HEAD OF GEORGES BINET?

LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION! LET HIS HEAD ROLL!

"DEATH LOOMED NEAR AS A HAND MOVED STEALTHILY UPWARD, SLASHING BINET'S BONDS! SUDDENLY HE HELD A RAPIER--AND DISGUISED SUPPORTERS WERE BATTLING FOR HIS LIFE!"



THANKS FOR ALL YOUR COURTESIES, M'SIEU DEFER! I KNOW YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE ME LEAVE--ALIVE!

BACK, YOU DOGS! OUR PLOT HAS SAVED THE COUNT!

"DEFER WAS LIVID WITH FURY AND HATE AS BINET AND HIS FRIENDS FOUGHT THEIR WAY FREE!"



FOOLS! IDIOTS! SEIZE HIM!

"BUT THE MOB HAD HEARD THE COUNT'S SARDONIC WORDS OF THANKS TO THE EXECUTIONER-- AND MISINTERPRETED THEM!"



HE THANKED HIM-- SAID HE'D BE HAPPY TO SEE HIM LIVE! DEFER WAS IN ON THE PLOT-- HE HELPED BINET ESCAPE!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S HAVE HIS HEAD!

"AND SO THE HEADSMAN FACED HIS OWN BLOODY AXE --SWEARING A DEADLY OATH OF REVENGE!"



BINET HAS ESCAPED-- SHAMED ME -- CAUSED MY DOOM! I HAVE ONE LAST REQUEST-- BURY ME BENEATH THE SPOT WHERE I DIE! THERE I SHALL AWAIT THE BLOOD OF SOME LATER BINET--



--TO RESTORE ME TO SEEK VENGEANCE ON THEIR WHOLE ACCURSED TRIBE!

LET HIS WISH BE GRANTED! AND NOW-- LET THE AXE FALL!

I DIE-- BUT I SHALL RETURN!

"THAT'S HOW THE OLD LEGEND WENT! AND IF IT COMES TO PASS AS HE SWORE, IT IS SAID THAT ONLY FIRE CAN SAVE A BINET -- WHATEVER THAT MEANS!"

IT'S A FASCINATING STORY-- I CAN USE IT! -- TELL ME, ARE THERE ANY PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE BINET FAMILY?

THREE -- AN OLD MAN AND HIS SON AND DAUGHTER! THEY LIVE IN A GREAT CHATEAU IN THE OUTSKIRTS---



THE ANCIENT LEGEND FASCINATED LANCE FARREL -- DREW HIM TO THE MANSION OF THE BINETS---

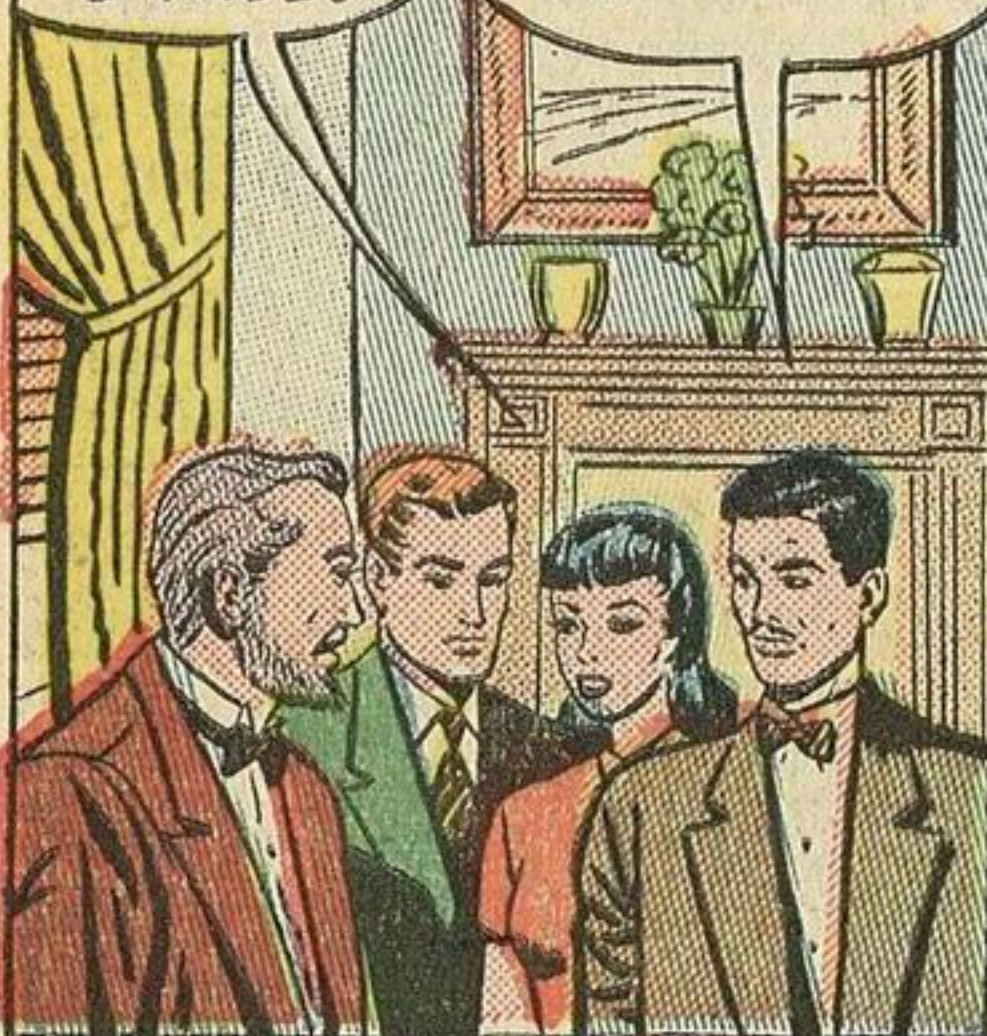
YOUNG MAN, I REFUSE TO HAVE ANY WRITER DRAG OUR NAME INTO A LOT OF SENSATIONAL RUBBISH! THE WHOLE STORY'S PREPOSTEROUS!--

BUT FATHER, IT WOULD BE WRITTEN AS A LEGEND--NOT TRUTH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



THE TROUBLE IS, YOU'RE OLD-FASHIONED! IF YOU WON'T HELP M'SIEU FARREL-- I WILL!

WHY NOT? MADELEINE AND I CAN AT LEAST SHOW HIM THE SPOT WHERE DEFER'S BONES ARE BELIEVED TO BE BURIED!



SHORTLY THEREAFTER --

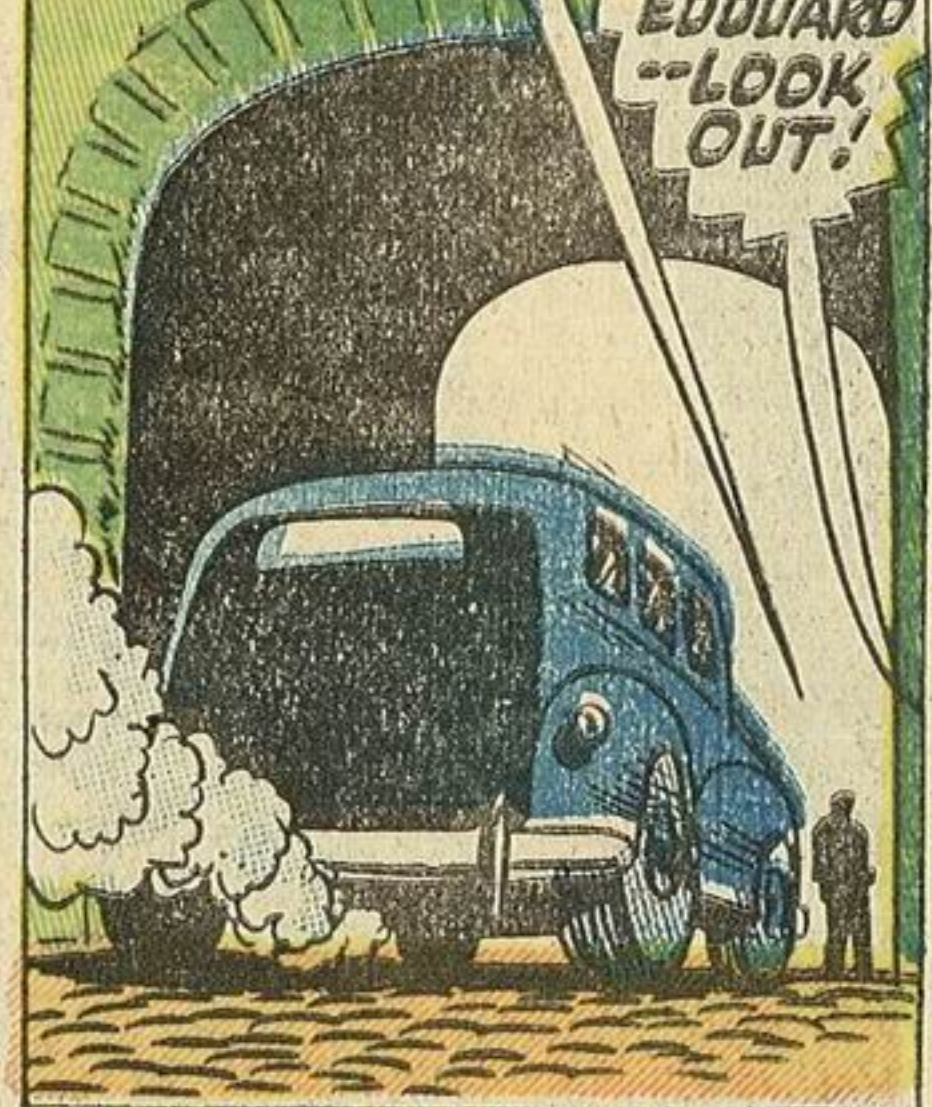
RIGHT HERE, M'SIEU FARREL, IS WHERE MY ANCESTOR ESCAPED HIS DOOM!

AND HERE'S WHERE DEFER'S BODY WAS LAID -- IN THE ANCIENT, ABANDONED SEWER BENEATH THIS GRATING!



AND IF BINET BLOOD WERE EVER TO FLOW IN THIS SPOT-- AN AMUSING THOUGHT, EH?

EDOUARD --LOOK OUT!



OH-HHH!

STAND BACK, MADELEINE!



WHEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED---

POOR EDOUARD! IS - IS HE --?

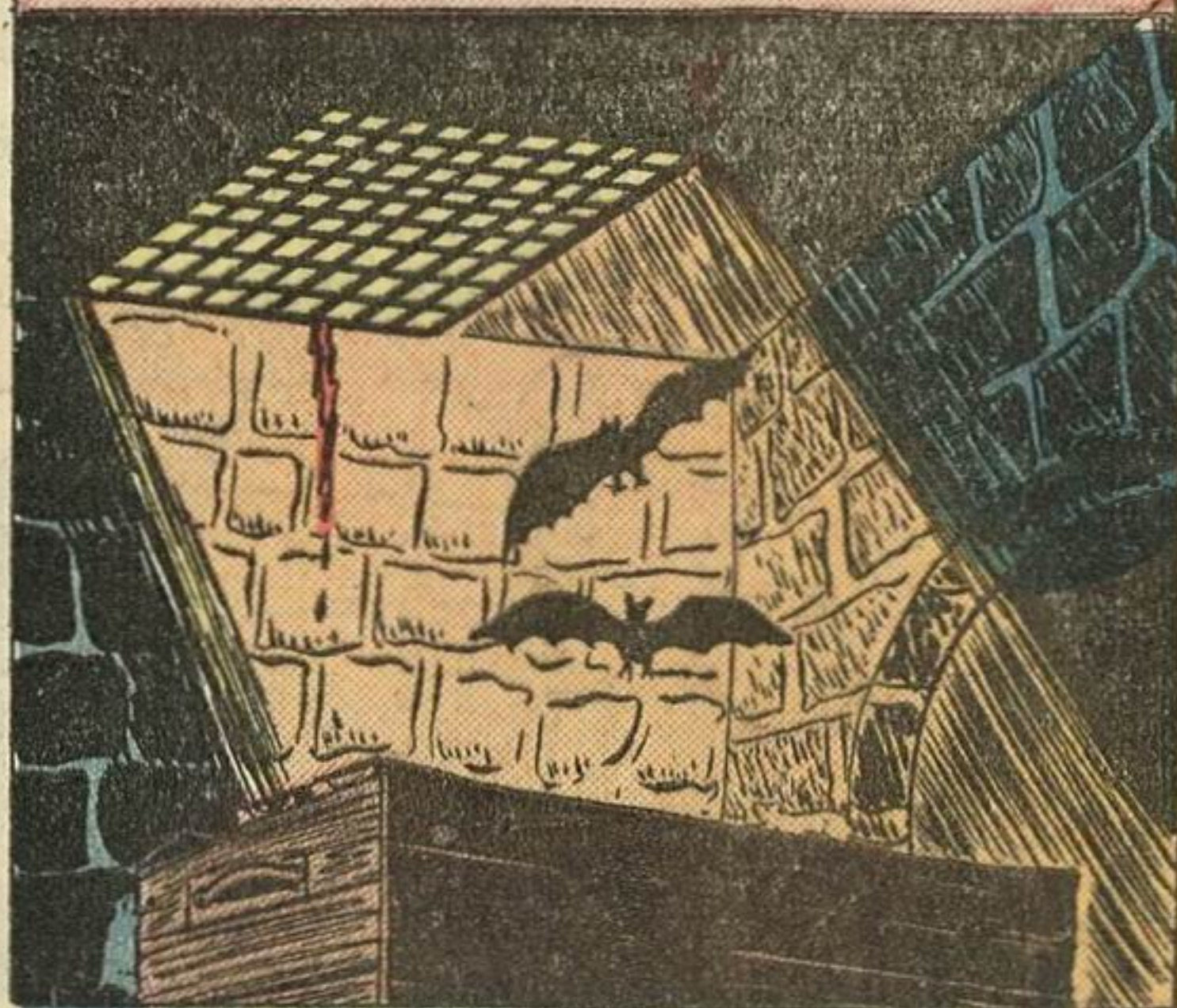
HE'LL PULL THROUGH! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL! HE'S BLEEDING BADLY!



YES, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MORE THAN 150 YEARS,
THE BLOOD OF A BINET FLOWED IN THE RUE
DE FER! SLOWLY--TOWARD A RUSTY GRATING--



AND THEN -- INTO THE ABANDONED SEWER--
ONTO AN ANCIENT COFFIN BELOW!



SLOWLY, SLOWLY THE COFFIN LID
CREAKED OPEN -- A SPECTRAL
HAND EMERGED ---

MY.. LONG VIGIL..
IS ENDED!

CR-RRREAK!



OUT OF THE CENTURIES--I WALK
THE EARTH AGAIN! AND NOW--
FOR THE REVENGE--
I SWORE!



DID THE NIGHTFALL BRING WITH
IT PRESENTIMENTS OF
TERROR? ALL SEEMED
CALM AT THE HOSPITAL---

TOO BAD YOU WERE
HURT, EDOUARD--
WHILE TRYING TO
HELP ME GET
MATERIAL FOR
MY STORY!

DON'T
WORRY--
I'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!
IT TAKES
MORE THAN
AN OLD TAXI
TO DOWN A
BINET!



BUT LITTLE DID THEY DREAM THAT OUTSIDE, THE
SHAPE OF EVIL MOVED CLOSER--CLOSER!

GOOD NIGHT,
EDOUARD--
SLEEP WELL!



BUT NOW SLEEP WAS GONE--FOREVER!

M'SIEU--BINET?
WE MEET--FOR THE
FIRST--AND LAST
TIME!

I--I MUST BE
DREAMING! LIKE--LIKE
THOSE OLD PICTURES OF
DEFER--THE
EXECUTIONER!





LANCE!--
MADELEINE!--
HELP!--
ARGH!

GOOD HEAVENS -- SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO EDDUARD!



THE FIRST--
BINET -- TO
DIE!

WHAT THE--! IT'S DE FER--
EXACTLY AS I SAW HIM
IN THE MUSEUM!



IT--IT CAN'T
BE! IT MUST
BE SOMEONE
MADE UP TO
LOOK LIKE
HIM!

HA-HA! YES,
I'M -- DE FER!
THE BINETS--
SHALL PERISH
AT MY HANDS --
AND NO ONE
CAN STOP
ME!



HE LEAPED RIGHT THROUGH THE
WINDOW --AND DISAPPEARED!
MAYBE HE GRABBED THAT FLAG-
POLE AND IS HIDING UNDER THE
LEDGE -- I'D BETTER GO TO
THE FLOOR BELOW
AND SEE!

HA-HA-
HA!



UH-UH -- HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE ANYWHERE
AROUND HERE!

NOW TO--
GRAB
HIM--



COME BACK, LANCE -- HE'S
GONE! I JUST CAUGHT A
GLIMPSE OF HIM-- BUT IT
WAS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE
ME HE'S THE REAL DE FER--
STRIKING AT THE BINETS
FROM BEYOND THE
GRAVE!

GOOD LORD,
MADELEINE -- DO
YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS?



THE SPIRIT OF A BLOODY MADMAN--ESCAPED
FROM A COFFIN IN AN ABANDONED SEWER!
AND ALREADY-- HE'S CLAIMED
HIS FIRST VICTIM!

POOR
EDDUARD!



LANCE! HE'S SWORN REVENGE ON ALL THE BINETS! THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF US LEFT-- FATHER AND MYSELF! DO YOU SUPPOSE--

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO YOUR FATHER AT ONCE, MADELEINE-- IF THERE'S STILL TIME!



THROUGH THE STREETS OF OLD PARIS-- IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST A SPECTER FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

FASTER, LANCE-- FASTER!

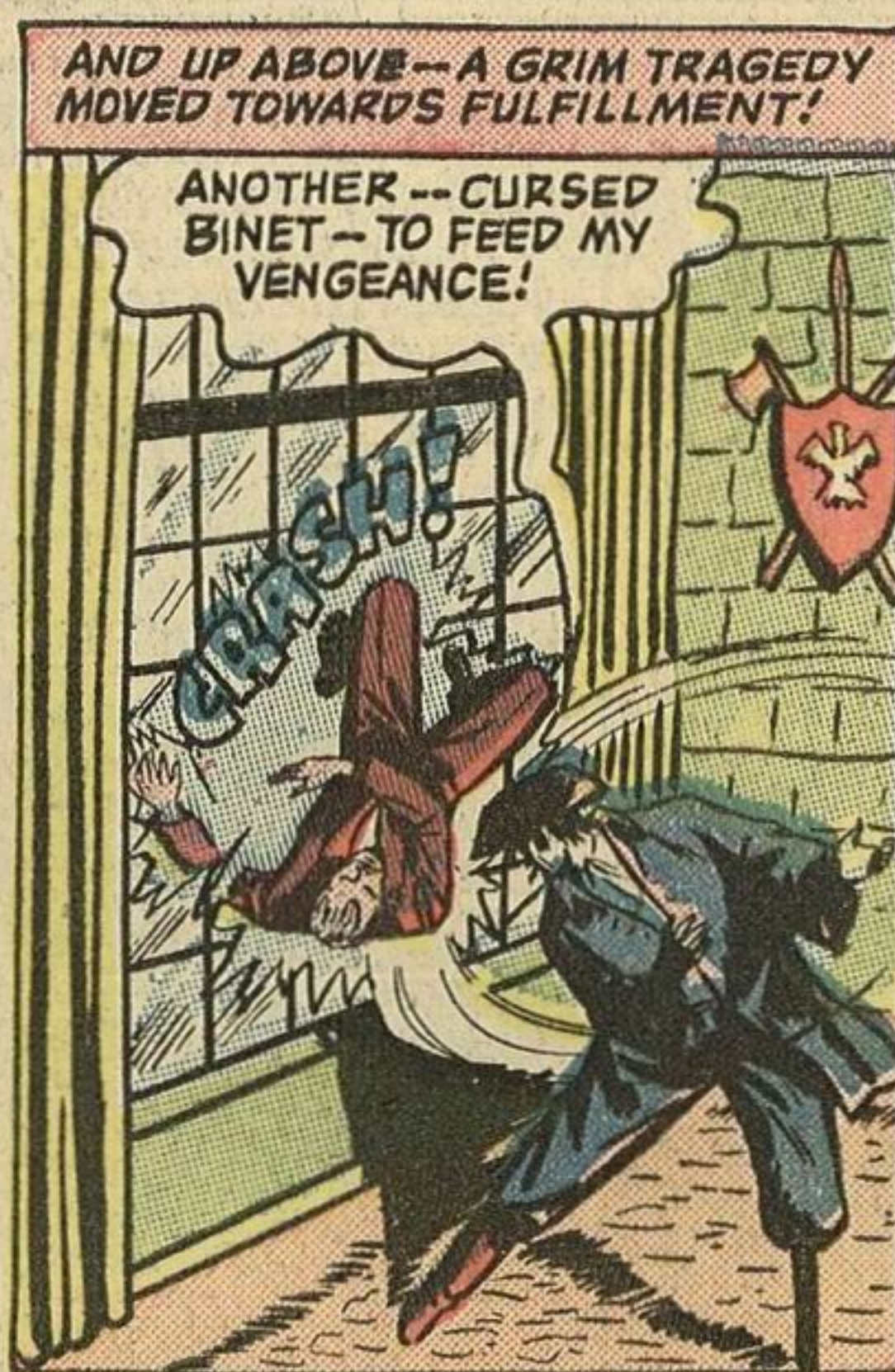
JUST PRAY WE CAN HOLD THE ROAD, THAT'S ALL!



FINALLY, IN THE SHADOWS OF THE BINET CHATEAU--

BACK, YOU FIEND-- BACK! --OH-HHH!

WE'RE-- TOO LATE!



AND UP ABOVE-- A GRIM TRAGEDY MOVED TOWARDS FULFILLMENT!

ANOTHER -- CURSED BINET -- TO FEED MY VENGEANCE!



OH, FATHER-- FATHER!

THE SECOND DEATH-- AND THAT LEAVES ONLY MADELEINE! IF-IF I CAN GET IN AND CORNER THAT KILLER, I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO SAVE HER!



BUT LANCE SOON LEARNED THE METTLE OF HIS GHOSTLY ADVERSARY---

HE-- HE'S PUNNED ME TO THE CLOW!

THAT-- WILL HOLD YOU! AND NOW FOR-- THE GIRL!



YES, IT WAS EASY FOR THE MONSTER -- OR AT LEAST IT SEEMED SO! CRUELY, HE STALKED TOWARD THE DEFENSELESS MADELEINE---

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! HE--HE'S COMING AT ME---

ONLY-- YOU REMAIN!

DROP HER, YOU FIEND, OR ---

YES -- BUT ONLY -- TO MAKE HER SUFFER MORE -- IN THE KNOWLEDGE -- THAT SHE'S DOOMED! I'LL -- STRIKE AGAIN -- AND NOTHING CAN SAVE HER!



TURNING, THE DIABOLICAL KILLER VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT -- LEAVING BEHIND HIM TERROR!

DON'T WORRY, MADELEINE! I'LL POST ALL THE SERVANTS AS GUARDS -- AND JUST AS SOON AS I CAN SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT THIS ARM, I'LL BE BACK TO TAKE CARE OF YOU MYSELF!

IT'S -- HOPELESS! HOW CAN I FIGHT OFF A GHOST? I -- I'M DOOMED TO DIE!



DOOMED -- TO DIE! THE AWFUL KNOWLEDGE MOUNTED WITH LANCE'S DEPARTURE -- MOUNTED TO A SHUDDERING PANIC!

DEFER WILL STRIKE AGAIN, BUT WHEN -- WHEN? I -- I CAN'T STAND THIS WAITING ---



BUT MUST I WAIT -- LIKE A COWARD? IF I'VE GOT TO DIE, LET IT BE BRAVELY -- SEEKING OUT THE MURDERER IN HIS LAIR!



NO, MADEMOISELLE -- NO! YOU -- YOU MUSTN'T VENTURE OUT -- NOT ALONE!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'M GOING TO MEET MY DESTINY -- IN A CRYPT BENEATH THE STREETS OF PARIS!



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, WHEN LANCE RETURNED --

THIS IS WHAT SHE SAID, M'SIEU! A CRYPT -- BENEATH THE STREETS OF PARIS!

THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING -- THE ANCIENT SPOT WHERE DEFER'S BONES WERE BURIED!



MEANWHILE --

THIS -- THIS IS THE PLACE -- BUT NOW MY COURAGE IS FAILING ME! I -- I HOPE I DON'T MEET HIM...







I HAVEN'T--**STRENGTH**
ENOUGH TO RUN!
I -- OH-HHH!

YOU DIDN'T RECKON
WITH--THE POWER OF--
THE **UNDEAD!**



KEEP--
KEEP
AWAY!

THERE--THERE WAS ANOTHER
PART OF THAT LEGEND ABOUT
DEFER--THAT ONLY **FIRE**
COULD FOIL HIM! THAT
TORCH--MAYBE--



WITH THE DREAD
MOMENT AT HAND---

DIE, LAST--
OF THE
BINETS!

NOT
SO
FAST!



IT WAS THEN THAT LANCE PLAYED HIS
LAST, DESPAIRING TRUMP--**THE
FLAMING BRAND!**

FIRE! NO, NO--
IT MUSTN'T--
TOUCH ME--



BUT THE TORCH HIT HOME--AND
BENEATH ITS FLARING IMPACT,
THE GHOSTLY BODY OF THE
EXECUTIONER SEEMED
TO DISINTEGRATE!

YAAGH!

THE SPECTRAL SCREAM ECHOED
AND RE-ECHOED THROUGH
THE VAULTED CORRIDORS
OF THE OLD SEWER, BUT WHERE
DEFER HAD BEEN WAS--
NOTHING! HE HAD VANISHED
INTO THE LIMBO OF LOST SOULS--
AND HIS DREAD CURSE WAS
LIFTED FOREVER!



HE--HE'S GONE--AT
LAST! HOLD ME,
LANCE, TIGHTLY--
AND DON'T EVER
LEAVE ME!

AS IF I EVER
COULD,
HONEY!



MONTHS LATER ---

ALL OF PARIS IS READING
YOUR BOOK, M'SIEU--**THE
GHOUL'S RETURN!** AND
THEY SAY YOUR DESCRIPTION
OF DEFER IS EVEN MORE
HORRIBLY REALISTIC
THAN MY WAX STATUE!

I GUESS YOU'VE
GOT TO **LIVE**
THROUGH THE
INCREDIBLE TO
DESCRIBE IT!
BUT AT LEAST
THE STORY HAD
A HAPPY ENDING--
DIDN'T IT,
MRS. FARREL?

WAX
MUSEUM

The END

Merciless **MEDIUM**

OVER TEA IN her expensive Park Avenue apartment, Madame Tolvchin, the well-known medium, and Zachary Throne, relentless special investigator of the City Rackets Squad, faced each other, smiling.

"But really, Mr. Throne," Madame said, as if slightly amused, "are you really threatening me with jail if I fail to retire from my...ah...business?"

"I have all the evidence I need," replied the young investigator. "You claim to be a true medium, Madame, but like all the others, you are simply a fake. Disguised, I attended a 'performance' of yours last week. Under cover of the same darkness that enables you to perform your phoney evocations of the dead, I closely examined your seance table. The whole show was nothing more than a collection of crude tricks!"

"Quite true," she admitted airily. "For the little people who cannot pay well I resort to tricks, Mr. Throne, since tricks are all such stupid people can understand. Furthermore, such tricks are utterly harmless, whereas evoking truly supernatural phenomena is dangerous, quite dangerous. Naturally, such demonstrations are expensive, like any other dangerous work."

As Madame Tolvchin relaxed in her comfortable chair, Zachary Throne rose, his face setting in hard lines. "I thought you wouldn't listen to reason," he snapped irritably. "Which means I'll have to call for a patrol wagon. I'm afraid you're under arrest, Madame."

As he reached for the telephone the medium's voice suddenly changed. "I'd DROP that phone if I were you," she hissed, her words edged with an unmistakably menacing tone. "You see, I have

a friend...in the next room. He would be very angry if anything happened to me!"

Throne's eyes narrowed as the woman leaned forward threateningly. "The real and the supernatural are interdependent," she continued quickly. "In order to be materialized in our world, a spirit requires the help of such a medium as myself. Hence, they are indebted to us...as is my friend in the next room. Do you understand?"

"I'm not a fool," said Throne, whipping his service automatic from his chest holster. "You're probably insane, but if you really do have a muscle-man around, I think this gun is more than adequate to dissuade him from interfering with the wheels of justice." Angrily, he bent to the phone...

Suddenly, Madame Tolvchin shrieked like a banshee. Throne looked up startled as the echoes of the maniacal shout trembled over the room like a death chant. Not moving from her chair, the medium screamed, "Kill! Kill! KILL!"

Throne whirled toward the opening bedroom door, waiting tensely for what would happen. An instant later he felt the fingers of overpowering terror clutching at his throat. His senses reeling, he fired point blank at the shapeless THING which plodded towards him like the tread of doom... The last thing he remembered was the insane laugh of the faceless horror as the harmless bullets passed through it.

"Poor man," Madame Tolvchin said later to the police. "He seems to have suddenly lost his mind."

The police gently helped Zachary Throne to his feet. His mouth was still frothing slightly, and his terrified eyes darted everywhere maniacally. He was hopelessly insane. The medium smiled inwardly. No one would believe his ravings now.

TALES of SATANISM

The GAMBLER and the DEVIL

HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, READER? READ THIS STORY-- AND BEWARE!

IN THE BACK FILES OF THE WORLD'S NEWSPAPERS, YOU WILL FIND NO STRANGER ITEM THAN THE ONE THAT APPEARED ON AUGUST 18TH, 1869...

MAHARIPUR, INDIA, AUG. 18...
THE MAHARAJAH OF MAHARIPUR, REPUTEDLY THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, DIED TODAY OF A HEART ATTACK AT THE AGE OF 73. HE WAS STRICKEN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY IN WHICH HIS SUBJECTS PAID THE ANNUAL TRIBUTE OF THEIR RULERS WEIGHT IN GOLD AND JEWELS. JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH, THE SOVEREIGN SUFFERED DELUSIONS IN WHICH HE SWORE HE WAS NOT THE MAHARAJAH, BUT AN ENGLISH MAN NAMED GUY TOWNSEND...

YES, IN THE DELIRIUM BEFORE HIS DEATH, THE MAHARAJAH SCREAMED AND RAVED IN ENGLISH, A LANGUAGE HE HAD NEVER LEARNED, SWEARING THAT HE WAS REALLY AN ENGLISH GAMBLER WHO HAD SUFFERED A DISASTROUS STROKE OF LUCK AT MONTE CARLO ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE...



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS...



YOU WISH TO BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD? THEN PRICK YOUR FINGER AND SIGN THIS DOCUMENT WITH YOUR OWN BLOOD-- BUT REMEMBER, YOU'LL BE SIGNING OVER YOUR SOUL TO ME UPON YOUR DEATH!

IT'S A DEAL! I'M YOUNG AND HEALTHY-- I OUGHT TO LIVE ON AT LEAST 50 YEARS AS THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



BUT THE MOMENT GUY TOWNSEND
SIGNED THE INFERNAL
DOCUMENT...

I... I SAY... WHERE AM I..
WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF
FALLING ABOUT ME?



AS THE RAIN OF OBJECTS CEASED FALLING ABOUT
GUY TOWNSEND...

WHA--? I... I SEEM TO BE
IN INDIA! BUT I CAN'T EVEN
GET UP.. GET ME OUT OF HERE,
SOMEBODY.. GET ME OUT!



NO... NO! IT...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
I CAN'T BE SO BLOATED AND
OLD! I'M GUY TOWNSEND, YOUNG
AND HEALTHY-- I... I CAN'T
BE INHABITING SOMEBODY
ELSE'S BODY!



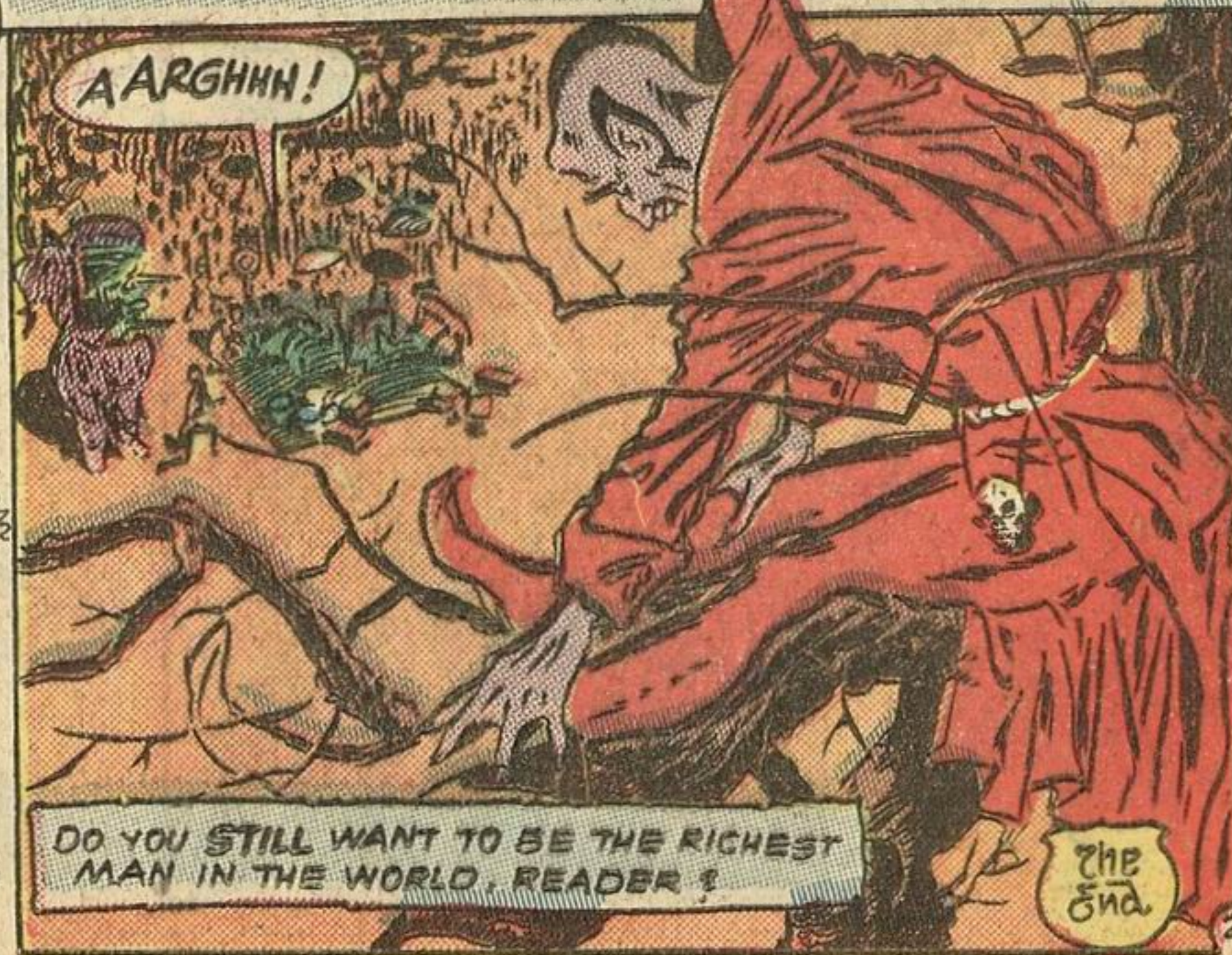
WAIT-- I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! THOSE HINDUS
WERE POURING ALL THESE JEWELS AND GOLD COINS ON
ME AS I SAT ON THAT SCALE-- AND THAT'S DONE ONLY
TO THE MAHARAJAH OF MAHARI-
PUR-- THE RICHEST MAN IN
THE WORLD! SATAN
GRANTED MY WISH--
LITERALLY!



BUT I...I DIDN'T WANT IT THIS WAY--
RICHES ARE OF NO USE TO ME IN
THIS OLD, INFIRM BODY! LISTEN TO
ME-- ALL OF YOU-- I'M GUY TOWNS-
END, A BRITISH GAMBLER-- AND
I'M YOUNG AND HEALTHY! I
DON'T BELONG IN YOUR MAHA-
RAJAH'S BODY-- FREE ME
FROM IT, I BEG YOU! SUMMON
YOUR HOLY MEN... I'LL TELL
THEM THE WHOLE STORY--
PERHAPS THEY CAN RESTORE
ME TO MYSELF!



BUT AT THE CLIMAX OF HIS FRENZIED STORY, THE OLD
MAHARAJAH'S HEART--THE HEART GUY TOWNSEND HAD
USURPED-- COLLAPSED UNDER THE STRAIN! AND THE
DEVIL HAD HIS DUE!



DO YOU STILL WANT TO BE THE RICHEST
MAN IN THE WORLD, READER?

THE
END

AS THE FULL MOON RISES IN THE BLACK SKIES, AND THE WIND MOANS OMINOUSLY THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF NAKED TREES, THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH DREADEFUL OMENS... THE HOWL OF SKULKING BEASTS... THE EERIE WAILS OF BLACK SPIRITS LURKING IN THE SHADLOWY MISTS! AND MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL... THE MENACING TREAD OF...

The PROWLING TERROR



THE HOME OF PROF. ROBERT J. THURSTON...

SPLendid NEWS, ALICE! I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD OF DR. JARRO'S ARRIVAL FROM EUROPE! ACCORDING TO HIS TELEGRAM, HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MOMENT!

BUT WASN'T HE DUE NEXT MONTH, SIR?

A MERE TECHNICALITY, ALLAN... BESIDES, IT'S A MONTH IN OUR FAVOR! I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU THAT DR. JARRO WILL LECTURE AT THE UNIVERSITY ON MEDIEVAL SUPERSTITION! I CONSIDER IT A PRIVILEGE TO HAVE HIM AS MY GUEST DURING HIS STAY!

IN THAT CASE, DAD, I'D BETTER GET THE GUEST ROOM READY!



WHEN THE EMINENT DOCTOR
JARRO ARRIVES...

MAY I PRESENT
MY DAUGHTER
ALICE,
DR. JARRO--
AND HER
FIANCÉ,
**ALLAN
TAYLOR!**

I HAD NO IDEA
MY HOST WAS
GRACED WITH
SO **LOVELY**
A DAUGHTER!



YOU ARE
A VERY
FORTUNATE
MAN, MR.
TAYLOR!

I'M AWARE OF
THAT, DOCTOR!
ALICE AND I WILL
BE MARRIED AT
THE CLOSE OF
THIS SEMESTER!



SHALL WE
GO INTO THE
LIBRARY, DR.
JARRO?
THERE IS
SO MUCH
TO TALK
ABOUT!

PLEASE DON'T
THINK ME **RUDE,**
PROFESSOR, BUT
THE LONG JOUR-
NEY HAS BEEN
EXTREMELY
FATIGUING! IF
YOU DON'T MIND--
I'LL GO STRAIGHT
TO MY ROOM!



I DON'T KNOW WHY,
ALICE-- BUT I DON'T
TRUST THE GUY!
HE'S TOO
OILY!

IT'S JUST HIS **CONTINENTAL MANNERS,** SILLY! HE'S
REALLY **QUITE** CHARMING! BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER
SHUT UP-- OR YOU'LL BE GETTING **JEALOUS!**



LATER THAT NIGHT, IN A PARK
NEAR THE THURSTON HOME...

WHAT'S WRONG,
MARY? YOU
ACT LIKE--

I HEARD
SOMETHING
SNARL, DAVE!
FROM THOSE
BUSHES...
LISTEN!



YOU'RE **RIGHT!**
SOUNDS LIKE A
VICIOUS DOG--
I'LL FIND A
STICK, AND...



SUDDENLY--THE FEAR-MADDENING
SHAPE OF LIVING EVIL--



M-MERCIFUL
HEAVENS! IT--
IT CAN'T BE!

FOR A BLESSED MOMENT, UNCONSCIOUSNESS SPARES THE TERROR-STRICKEN GIRL THE APPALLING SIGHT OF THE WEREWOLF'S FURY--

SECONDS LATER.. WHEN HORROR-FILLED CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS..

DAVE...
DAVE!

GRRRR!

HELP, MARY! I
CAN'T... OHHHHH!

WHEN THE POLICE
ARRIVE...

IT MUST BE
THE WORK OF
A DEPRAVED
MADMAN!

NEXT MORNING, IN THE THURSTON HOME...

A MOST **SHOCKING** CRIME, DOCTOR! AS AN AUTHORITY ON SUPERSTITION, THERE'S ONE BIT THAT SHOULD INTEREST YOU! THE VICTIM'S COMPANION CALLED THE ATTACKER **INHUMAN**-- DESCRIBED IT AS A KIND OF **WOLFMAN**!

THE POOR GIRL MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF HER MIND WITH FEAR! WHY, IT'S SIMPLY **IMPOSSIBLE**!

IT WASN'T ANYTHING **HUMAN**! IT WAS HIDEOUS-- UNREAL! I REMEMBER FAINTING-- AND WHEN I CAME TO-- THE MONSTER WAS GONE-- AND DAVE WAS D-DEAD!

BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU SAY **IMPOSSIBLE**? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF SUCH THINGS?

N- NOTHING.. ALL I MEANT WAS--

FORGIVE MY OUTBURST, MY DEAR.. OF COURSE YOU ARE RIGHT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN **ANIMAL** OF SOME SORT-- A LARGE **DOG**, PERHAPS!

YOU MUSTN'T BE ANGRY WITH ME.. I WANT SO MUCH TO BE YOUR FRIEND! YOU **WILL** BE MY FRIEND-- **WON'T YOU?**

OF COURSE, DOCTOR-- I... I'M NOT ANGRY!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER... IT ISN'T LIKE ALICE TO PUT ME OFF THIS WAY, SIR! EVER SINCE YOUR GUEST ARRIVED, I HAVEN'T HAD A REAL CHANCE TO BE WITH HER!

DON'T BE DISTURBED, MY BOY! ALICE IS SIMPLY BEING A GOOD HOSTESS! THEY'RE OUT IN THE GARDEN NOW.. YOU GO AHEAD AND JOIN THEM!

WE ARE CLOSE! SO CLOSE I CAN ALMOST--

I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE YOU BEFORE, DR. JARRO! I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU A FEW WEEKS-- AND YET YOU SEEM TO HAVE PROBED MY MIND COMPLETELY-- AS IF YOU CAN ALMOST READ MY THOUGHTS!

YOU FLATTER ME, MY DEAR.. BUT WHAT YOU SAY MAKES ME VERY HAPPY!

ALMOST WHAT?

ALLAN! THIS IS A SURPRISE!

I'M THE ONE WHO'S SURPRISED! WE DID HAVE A DATE-- BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT'S IMPORTANT ANYMORE!

MY FAULT, MR. TAYLOR.. MY APOLOGIES!

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR APOLOGIES, JARRO-- AND I'LL BE FRANK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE! I DON'T LIKE YOU, OR THE INFLUENCE YOU'VE BEEN WIELDING OVER ALICE!

ALLAN! YOU'RE BEING INSULTING! DR. JARRO IS OUR GUEST!

THEN I'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE I SAY ANYTHING WORSE! GOOD NIGHT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE!

PERHAPS HE JUST HAS A QUICK TEMPER!

YES-- THE KIND OF TEMPER SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT!

THAT NIGHT...

THE FOOL SHALL SOON
PAY FOR HIS INSULT!
THE FULL MOON RIDES
HIGH! THE MOMENT
IS AT HAND!

THEN.. A WEIRD
CHANGE...

I NOW OBEY THE
WEREWOLF'S LAW!
TO RIP AND KILL
WITH FANG AND
CLAW!

IN ALLAN'S STUDY...

THAT NOISE OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW.. SOUNDS
LIKE A HOWLING DOG!
I'D BETTER HAVE A
LOOK AND...

SUDDENLY...

GROWRRR!

YE GODS!
IT... IT'S
A WERE-
WOLF!

THIS SHOULD HOLD
THE CREEP TILL
I GET MY GUN!

EEE-YAHHH!

POW!

BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

DRAT IT.. HE'S GETTING
AWAY! I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO ALICE'S HOUSE..
NO ONE'S SAFE WITH THAT
FIEND ON THE PROWL!

BANG!
BANG!

SECONDS LATER...

IF I CAN FLAG THIS CAR
DOWN, I CAN SAVE PRECIOUS
TIME.. EVERY
SECOND
COUNTS!

INSPECTOR BENSON! THANK HEAVENS IT'S YOU! SOMETHING GHASTLY'S HAPPENED--

IT COULDN'T BE WORSE THAN WHAT I'VE JUST HEARD! WAIT TILL YOU FIND OUT WHO'S WITH ME!

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, ALLAN-- THIS GENTLEMAN IS DR. JARRO!

WHAT? THEN WHO THE DEVIL IS STAYING WITH PROFESSOR THURSTON?

AN IMPOSTOR, MY FRIEND-- AND A HOMICIDALLY DANGEROUS ONE! HIS REAL NAME IS LUDWIG GAYNOR! UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO, HE WAS MY ASSISTANT! THEN, ONE DAY, I DISCOVERED SOMETHING HORRIBLE!

EXPLAIN YOURSELF, DOCTOR! WHAT DID YOU DISCOVER?



"I HAD BEST GO BACK TO THE MORNING I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT FORMULA RELATED TO WEREWOLVES! IT WAS QUITE A FIND, BUT LUDWIG WAS UNNATURALLY EXCITED ABOUT IT! HE BEHAVED STANGELY--VERY STRANGELY!!"



JUST THINK--I CAN COMPOUND THE INGREDIENTS AT ONCE, AND HAVE THE FORMULA READY BY TONIGHT!

YOU WILL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND, LUDWIG--THIS FORMULA IS TOO DANGEROUS TO BE EXPERIMENTED WITH!

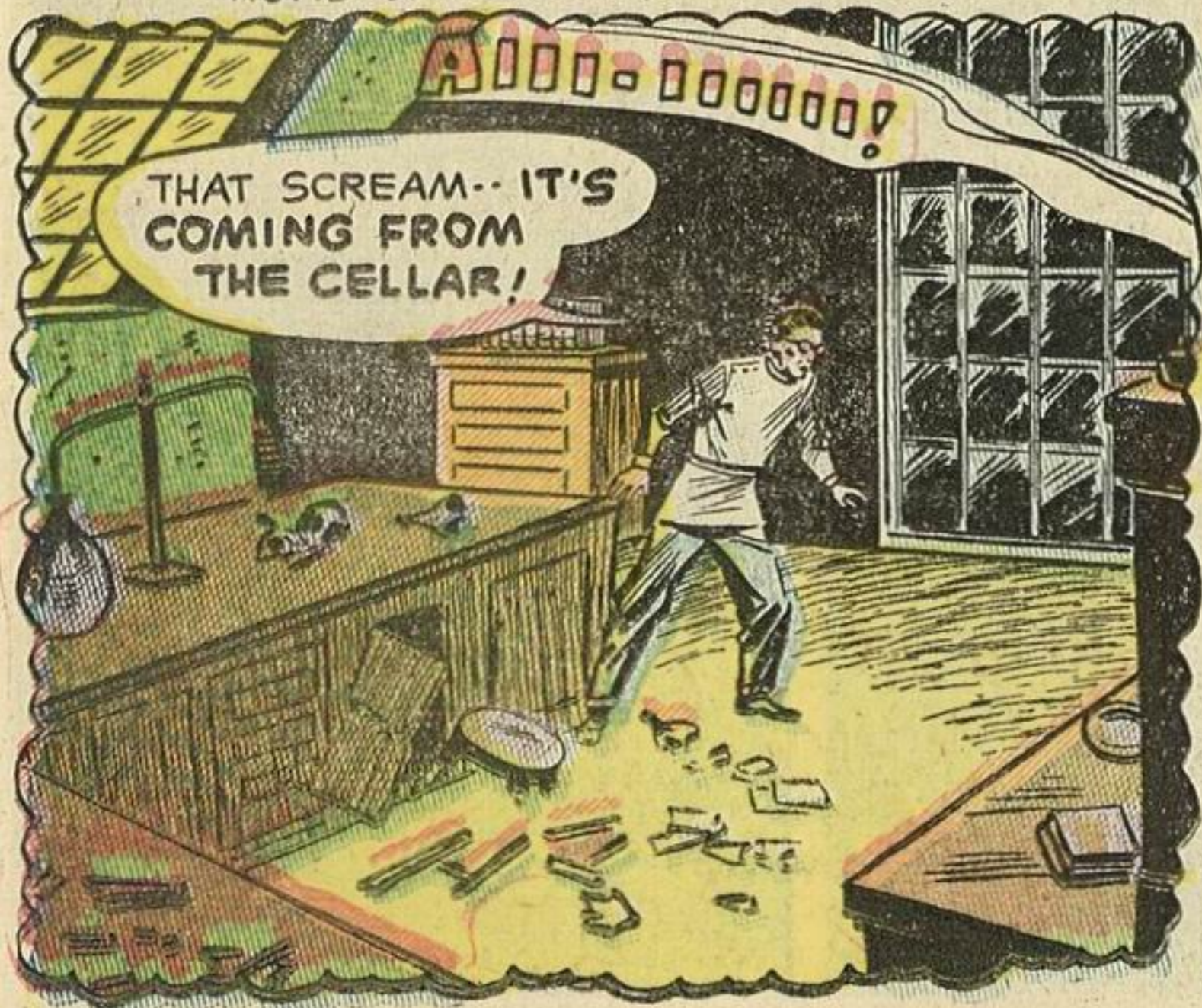


"AT THE TIME I DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE ANYTHING COULD COME OF THE FORMULA, BUT WORK IN THE SUPERNATURAL FIELD HAD TAUGHT ME THAT EVEN THE STRANGEST THINGS ARE POSSIBLE! ONE NIGHT, ABOUT THREE DAYS LATER, I FOUND THE LABORATORY TERRIBLY WRECKED..."

THIS ODOR-- IT SMELLS LIKE BARSOM ROOT, ONE OF THE COMPOUNDS IN THE FORMULA! IF LUDWIG HAS TAMPERED WITH THIS, I'LL -- GOOD LORD!



"AT THAT MOMENT-- A BLOOD-FREEZING HOWL OF TERROR!"



THAT SCREAM-- IT'S COMING FROM THE CELLAR!

"THE GRISLY SPECTACLE WHICH CONFRONTED MY EYES CONFIRMED MY FEARS! LUDWIG HAD TAKEN THE FATAL STEP-- AND IN HIS PLACE WAS A FOUL, SNARLING BEAST..."

LUDWIG! YOU FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

GARRRR!



"IN A MOMENT, HE HAD
TURNED UPON ME!"

LUDWIG, I... I CAN HELP
YOU! RELEASE ME...
BEFORE...
AGHHH!



GROWRRR!



...WHEN I REVIVED, LUDWIG
WAS GONE! SO WAS MY
MONEY AND PASSPORT.. IT
OCCURRED TO ME THAT HE
MAY HAVE FLED HERE AND
ASSUMED MY IDENTITY!
WHEN I ARRIVED TODAY
AND HEARD OF THE
WOLFMAN, I KNEW IT
TO BE SO!

IT'S TRUE,
ALL RIGHT! HE
TRIED TO KILL
ME ONLY
20 MINUTES
AGO!



WHAT ARE WE WAITING
FOR? WE'VE GOT TO
GET TO THURSTON'S
PLACE IMMEDIATELY..
**BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!**

HE'S RIGHT,
INSPECTOR..
THE MOON
IS **STILL**
FULL.. WHICH
MEANS THAT
THE WEREWOLF
CAN STRIKE AT
ANY MOMENT!

LET'S
GO!



AFTER A BLAZING RACE TO
THURSTON'S HOME...

THAT'S THE STORY, SIR.. AND
WE'RE ALL IN GREAT
DANGER.. **ESPECIALLY
ALICE!**
WHERE IS
SHE NOW?

IN... IN THE
GARDEN! WE
MUST FIND HER..
AT ONCE!



SUDDENLY.. LIKE THE AGONIZED WAIL OF
A SOUL IN TORMENT..

EEEEEE!

GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S ALICE..
COME ON!



THERE HE GOES WITH HER.. BUT WE
CAN'T RISK SHOOTING! I'M GOING TO
TRY OVERTAKING HIM
AT THE CLIFF!

HELP!
HELP!



SCRAMBLING DESPERATELY UP THE TORTUOUS PATH TO HEAD OFF THE MOON-CRAZED MONSTER...

ALICE-- HOLD ON! I'M COMING!



GET BACK, YOU!

GROWRRR!



AT THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF... A DEADLY DUEL!



ALLAN-- WATCH OUT!

NEXT MOMENT...



AND UP ABOVE...

OH, FATHER-- ALLAN'S DEAD! HE... HE WENT OVER THE EDGE!

NO! LOOK! HE'S CLINGING TO SOME SHRUBS! HURRY WITH A ROPE!



TIE IT AROUND YOUR WAIST! WE'LL HAVE YOU UP IN A JIFFY!



AFTER THE HARROWING ORDEAL...

IT'S ALL OVER, DARLING! BUT I THINK, IF THAT MONSTER HAD HANDS INSTEAD OF PAWS -- HE COULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF, TOO!

THANK HEAVENS HE COULDN'T, ALLAN! THE BEAST THAT POSSESSED HIM MERCIFULLY CAUSED ITS OWN DESTRUCTION!



THE END

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



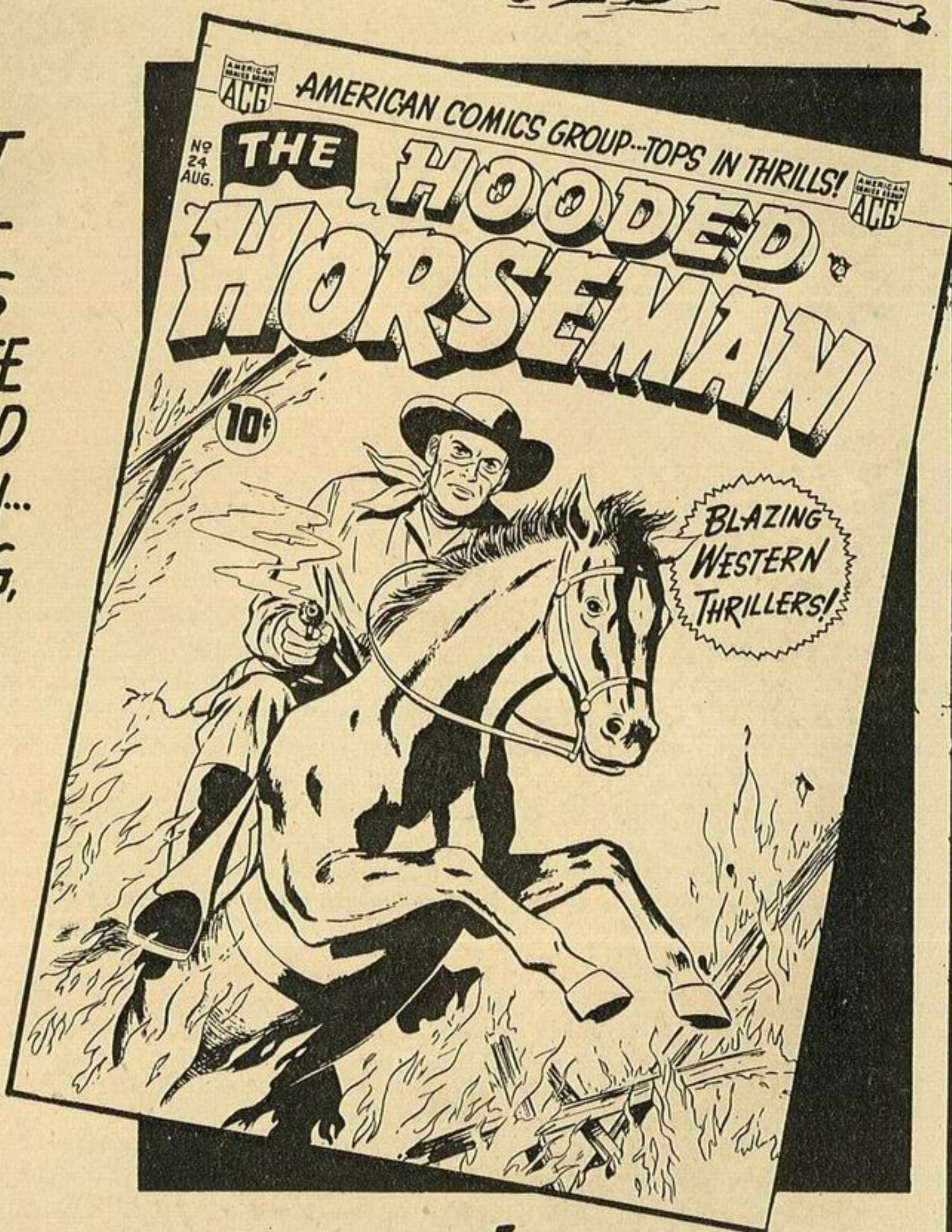
You'll **GASP** AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

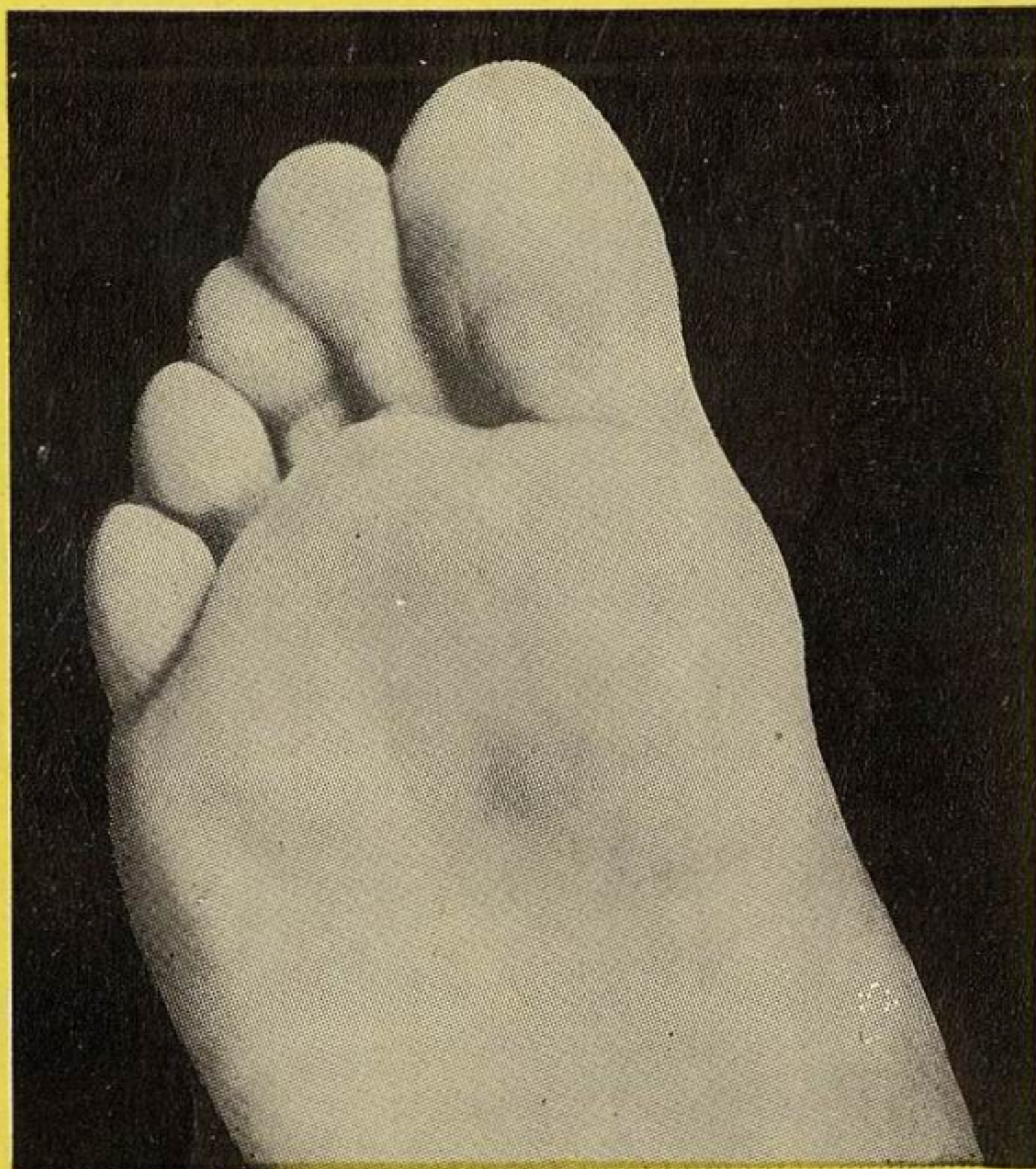
THE HOODED HORSEMAN!



10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



Gore PRODUCTS, Inc.

610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____